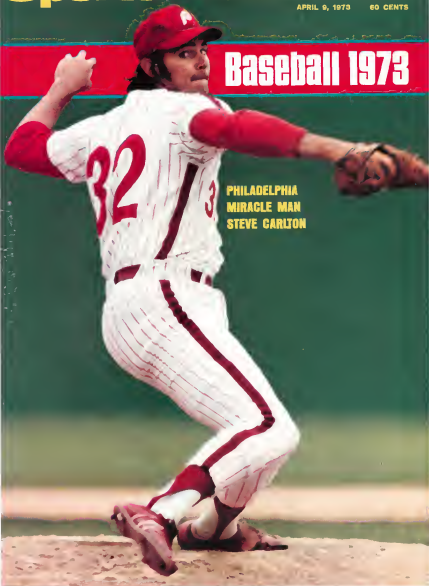


Sports Illustrated

APRIL 9, 1973 60 CENTS

Baseball 1973

A full-page photograph of baseball pitcher Steve Carlton in mid-pitch. He is wearing a white Philadelphia Phillies home uniform with red pinstripes and a red cap. The number 32 is visible on the back of his jersey. He is in a dynamic pose, leaning forward with his right arm extended and his left leg lifted. The background is a blurred green field.

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MIRACLE MAN
STEVE CARLTON**

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And a vinyl roof for no money.**



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Except that with Gold Duster, you're getting a special deal.



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It looks like it came off a gold reptile. You can get it at no extra charge when you buy the car as described. Since the factory doesn't charge the dealer, he doesn't have to charge you.

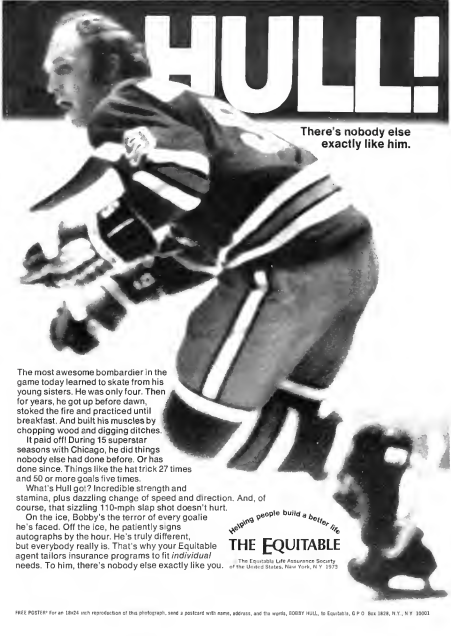
Gold Duster. It's a Gold Sticker value.



Plymouth Gold Duster.

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HULL!

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the pros run on.**

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Next week

WHO CAN STOP Nicklaus at Augusta? Maybe Trevino, if he can master the course, or even Palmer, if he pulls Tom Weiskopf? Or no one at all? Dan Jenkins reports the Masters.

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY is what Arkansas calls itself, and it can be for Kentucky Derby hopefuls. From once wide-open Hot Springs, a report on a wide-open horse race.

FLYING HIGH, sailplanes and birds get the same happy lift out of the sport. Illustriator Francis Golden presents a watercolor essay on the quiet joys of soaring up, up—and away.

**Spend a little time reading now
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Leading brands	Type	Cutting action	Power	Weight (approx)	Over-the-counter replacement	
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BLACK & DECKER Model No. 8300	Standup	Rotary	110 volts—extra cord needed	2 lb	Yes	
DISSTON Model No. EGS-1	Hands and knees	Scissor	Cordless—recharger included	2 lb	None	
SEARS Model No. 8681	Hands and knees	Scissor	Cordless—recharger included	2 lb	Yes	
Hedge trimmers, under \$15						
Leading brands	Double insulated for safety	Cutting action	Cutting edges	Blade gap	Bar length	Over-the-counter replacement
ROCKWELL Model No. 33	Yes	Double	Two	1 in.	13 in.	Yes
BLACK & DECKER Model No. 8100	No	Single	One	¾ in.	13 in.	Yes
BLACK & DECKER Model No. 8110	No	Single	Two	¾ in.	13 in.	Yes
SEARS Model No. 8573	No	Single	One	¾ in.	13 in.	Yes
DISSTON	Not available in this price range					

Charts based on available information on 10/1/72

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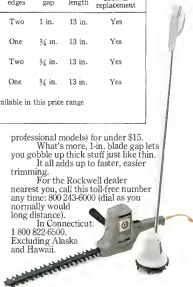
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Here are just a few of the other experts who have
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Arnold Arboretum, Harvard University; Joseph
A. Wier, Assistant Director, University of Wash-
ington Arboretum, Seattle; Dr. C. G. Hard, As-
sociate Professor, Landscape Design and En-
vironmental Planning, University of Minnesota;

Professor R.D. Dickey, Ornamental Horticul-
tural, University of Florida; Dr. George
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* *Staphylococcus aureus* (pathogen) present

TV TALK

It is onward and, happily, upward for NBC's trend to night baseball coverage

Watching baseball on television is like going to church with a hangover," observes one restless veteran of the long wait between pitches. "You are so anxious for it to end you wonder why you're there in the first place."

The analogy may seem harsh to baseball loyalists who believe their game is truly an art form, but the fact is that baseball and television are uneasy partners. Saturday afternoon ratings of NBC's nationally televised games are an index of baseball's past TV troubles. While the population and number of TV sets have increased—along with crime, living costs and just about everything else—the Saturday baseball audience has only shrunk.

Yet there appears to be a new day, or night, on the horizon for the grand old game, for it is continuing in its trend toward prime-time telecasts. NBC televised three regular-season games at night during 1970, five in the following year, 10 last season and has 15 scheduled for this year. Also, following the precedent established last season, all World Series games except those on weekends will be played after dark next October. There is even a possibility that the weekday playoff games prior to the Series will be switched to nighttime.

A look at the ratings explains the swing to evening. The 25 Saturday telecasts last year were seen in an average of 4.6 million homes (a drop of 30,000 from the previous season, 50,000 since 1968). By contrast, the regular-season night telecasts of '72 were viewed in an average of more than seven million homes, despite loss of continuity caused by the two political conventions and the Summer Olympics. With 15 consecutive Monday night games this season (May 21 to Sept. 3), except for the All-Star break, the ratings should reflect the benefit of habit viewing, pushing the tuned-in-homes average toward eight million.

Nighttime scheduling has also brought sponsors out of the baseball dark. Spots for prime time have sold so well that NBC is using a 15-minute pregame show to scoop up leftover advertising revenue. And there apparently has been a spillover of interest for the Saturday games, ordinarily a difficult sell. The Saturday race-card price has been reduced to a more efficient \$19,000 per minute, while the regular-season Monday night telecasts remain pegged between \$35,000 and \$45,000. The World Series, a sellout six months in advance, went for \$70,000 per minute for the weekend telecasts and \$110,000 for nighttime.

The baseball package includes a sponsor

switchover from football that would have been deemed a Bowie Kuhn fantasy in the very recent past. Continental Insurance, previously a football advertiser, is swinging, to the tune of more than \$500,000, to baseball, and not just because of the many insurance competitors in the football telecasts. "Anyone who says baseball is dead is talking nonsense. It's still the only major sports buy from May to mid-September," says Joel Nixon of Doyle Dane Bernbach, Continental's agency.

Tom Dawson, former CBS president and now media consultant to baseball, says local spots also have been an easier sell this season. He attributes the bullish market in part to excitement generated by the highly competitive playoffs and World Series last fall, when the mismatched champion Oakland A's projected an ebullient Gas House Gang image.

"In addition, I think the designated pinch hitter rule shows baseball is ready for change when necessary, and this has helped sales," Dawson says. Curt Gowdy, NBC's main baseball voice, predictably agrees about the designated hitter rule helping the game. "In 25 years of covering baseball I've discovered that excitement comes when men are on the bases. The new rule will put men on."

A cynic might reply that the primary bonus to TV will be to provide fresh material for Gowdy and analyst Tony Kubek during the balls-and-strikes ordeal, helping the stereotyped Saturday viewer, prone on the sofa, to ward off the sandman a few pitches longer.

More evidence of baseball's adjustment to the last third of the century appears in the chance, a slim one, that the game's anemic blackout rule for national TV will be changed. This regulation prohibits the televising, for instance, of a contest between the Mets and Braves at Shea Stadium back to Atlanta, even when local Atlanta TV is not carrying the game. Instead, Atlanta fans get a backup telecast involving two other teams—assuring a smaller audience. This has an impact on ratings, especially in the second biggest TV market, Los Angeles. The owners' purpose in maintaining the rule at all costs is to protect the local market, if only for radio coverage. In contrast to pro football, baseball receives over half its aggregate media revenue, \$24 million of a \$42 million total, from local-rights fees.

A final upbeat aspect of televised baseball derives from an area where the sport has been vulnerable: camera coverage. The ball is too small and travels too rapidly in unpredictable directions to be easily followed by the viewer. But NBC's facial closeups and slow-motion and freeze-action achievements won acclaim during the playoffs and the Series last October. Presumably they will be continued, enabling the TV viewer to savor some of what he missed so much—the true dramatic qualities of the game.

—JOHN CAROL

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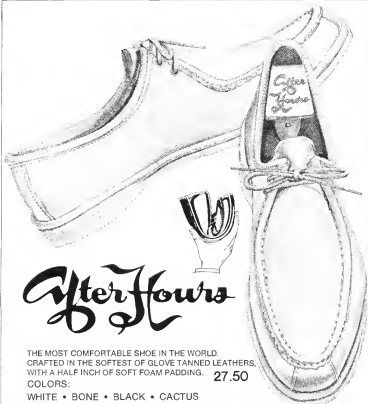
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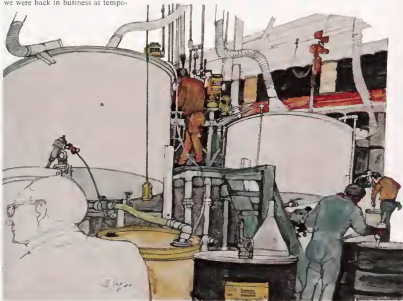
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Goodyear. Goodrich.

Awfully confusing.

Especially since Goodyear has advertised more than we have.

The fact is, we even think a lot of people who've seen our ads have come away remembering their name. Just because they've seen it so often.

Sure, we could change our name.

But we like it.

And the truth is, we're proud of it.

After all, B. F. Goodrich introduced pneumatic passenger tires way back in 1896, not Goodyear.

And in 1965, we introduced the first American-made radial tire.

For five years, nationally, our radial is the only tire we've advertised.

Why?

Because the radial is the biggest tire innovation in nearly a quarter century, that's why.

No conventional tire we've ever made, none, stops as fast, corners as well, and lasts as long as our Goodrich Lifesaver Steel Radial.

It's the result of our company's commitment, for ten years, to make the most advanced radial on the road.

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The steering is rack-and-pinion; the type found on Europe's finest Grand Prix racing cars.

And the gearshift gives you four forward speeds that let you really take over.

Check also: Power-assisted front disc brakes. Styled steel wheels. Front and rear stabilizer bars. Radial ply tires. All standard. (Standard. Think of it.)

Now, for the latest options. For a little extra, you can have a sun roof, vinyl top, select-shift automatic transmission and special decor group shown at left.

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That's why, after only two years, Capri's outselling every European car in America, except one.

And we're still moving up.

Capri. The first sexy European at a shamefully low price.
Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

BOOKTALK

Everything you always wanted to know about—The Man Who Invented Baseball

To the small body of baseball literature of genuine quality must now be added *The Man Who Invented Baseball* (Scribner, \$7.95) by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Harold Peterson.

Peterson's subject is Alexander Jay Cartwright (51, April 15, 1969), and his thesis is that in the spring of 1845, on a Manhattan playing field, Cartwright "invented" baseball. He did so by surprising his friends, gathered for a game of ball, with a detailed plan that established four bases 90 feet apart, put the batter at home and a shortstop between second and third, limited the outfielders to three and eliminated one of the two catchers. In short, he gave the game the form and precision it has since possessed.

"Relatively uncredited by the most diligent archivists of the world's most documented sport," Peterson writes, "almost unknown to fans who have computer memories for statistics long vanished and forgotten, Alexander Cartwright is the father of modern baseball." He proves as much as a book of singular persuasiveness and literacy, a work that is also a lovely recreation of the vanished America, rustic and exuberant, through which Cartwright traveled, spreading the baseball gospel.

Along the way, Peterson devastates the myth of Abner Doubleday, showing it to be the creation of a baseball hierarchy determined to wrap the game in the flag by linking it to a celebrated Civil War general. "Abner Doubleday didn't invent baseball," Peterson says. "Baseball invented Abner Doubleday."

Peterson also provides an extraordinary analysis of baseball's distant origins, tracing the game back not to cricket but to a Scandinavian game even older than *one of us*, a ball-and-bat diversion of Africa's Berbers dating from 5,000 to 6,000 years before the birth of Christ. He unearthly later variations that cropped up in France, Germany and elsewhere, eventually to reach their exquisite culmination on that spring day in Cartwright's marvelous invention.

Cartwright was an ebullient, engaging man, and Peterson portrays him with humor and affection. He also paints a vivid portrait of the bustling, charming New York of Cartwright's day, and of the frontier nation he crossed in 1849 in search of California gold. That journey finally ended in Hawaii, where Cartwright lived out his life as a prominent and respected citizen.

One final touch of note, upon visiting California in 1968, Peterson found none other than Alexander Jay Cartwright IV—playing Little League baseball. The discovery left Peterson, as it does the reader of his exemplary book, filled with joy.

—JONATHAN YARDLEY



Brylcreem shows you how to Without growing it.

Maybe you don't want to cut your long hair. Or grow your short hair. You just want to look different. You can—if you're willing to spend a little time. Here's what you'll need: Your hair, shampooed and towel-dried until damp.

A hair brush.

A comb.

If you have one, a blow-dryer or hot-comb is important for three of these styles. But you must use it properly: Always brush hair up and away from your scalp and dry it from underneath. Pull hard to get rid of curly tendencies. (If your hair is a bit too straight, small, circular movements with your brush and dryer can give it more life.) Longer hair should be dried with steady, continuous movements.

Just one word of warning about blow-dryers and hot-combs: they dry out hair. We believe it is vital to use a conditioner on hair that is hot-air dried in order to keep it healthy looking as well as styled.

If you don't have a hot-air dryer, don't run out and buy one. Three of these styles work perfectly well without one.

SHORTER HAIR

1. Short part

This is how you'd like your hair to look. But it won't. Because it isn't thick enough or long enough.

Blow-dry your hair up and away from your head for a chunky feeling. Now it looks like it just grew an extra inch in length. And doubled in thickness.

Lift your hair all over except one place—your neckline. If you keep your hair close here, even flip it out, it looks longer.

When you comb, make a short part. Comb your hair in the direction it grows. (Across the forehead and down over the ears for most guys.)

Since blow-drying dries out your hair, prevent this by using a little Brylcreem Hairdressing before you begin. It helps shorter hair in lots of ways. Its conditioners put

back the moisture hot-air drying removes, giving your hair a healthy looking, natural sheen. Brylcreem also makes your hair more manageable, so it does exactly what it's supposed to.

2. No part

Maybe you've had enough of parting your hair—and seeing your forehead—to last you a lifetime. (Or at least the next few months.) If so, try this.

Massage Brylcreem's new Dry Style into your hair. Then comb top hair from the crown of your head towards your forehead, side hair down to your ears and forward to the temples, back hair down and under around your neck.

Now you can leave your hair as is, or comb again for an even fuller look. (But remember, no part.) Dry Style is like hair spray in a bottle, controlling your hair naturally and invisibly.

3. Opposite part

You prefer your hair parted, but just want something different. How's this? It works without a hot-air dryer, too.

First, massage a little Brylcreem Hairdressing into your damp hair, for body and manageability.

Then, part your hair high, on the side opposite to its "normal" part. Grooming away from the growth pattern will temporarily straighten out waves and will also help give the height this style requires on top.

Brush hair up and back on top, straight down and flat to the head on the sides. Flip up the hair at the nape of your neck.

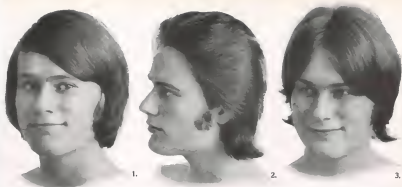
Let it dry just as it is.

LONGER HAIR

1. Side part

Here's how to get your hair looking its best if you want a side part.

Brush and dry your hair in one smooth motion, turning the ends under. This makes it look shorter. (Maybe you can get by without a haircut for a few more weeks.)



change the way your hair looks. Without cutting it.

Side hair is groomed under and towards your cheek. Top hair goes to the side, then back away from your face.

If your hair has a mind of its own, use a spray of Brylcreem Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein before you start blow-drying. It does two important things for longer hair: conditions and controls. Spray it on, then massage it into your hair and scalp. The protein penetrates your hair shafts, helping to protect your hair from the parching effect of blow-drying. And the styling control of Soft Hair will help you get your hair going where you want it. And keep it there.

2. No part

If you can't be bothered with blow-drying or you'd like to look more mature, try this.

Spray your towel-dried hair with Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein and massage it in. This puts styling control where you need it: down deep in your hair.

Then, with your brush, groom all your hair straight back against your head. You've got a forehead again. Earlobes, too. Flip the hair at your neck out and up.

Use the brush at the crown to lift your hair and turn it under. This gives a little extra height where you may need it.

Another spritz of Soft Hair where your natural part may be trying to appear will help prevent it from doing so.

3. Center part

The last time you parted your hair on the side it either fell in your food or made you look lopsided. Try a center part instead.

With your hot-comb or blow-dryer, turn your hair forward and under on either side of the part. Starting from the part, your hair should go away from your forehead, towards your cheek and back to your ear. An S-shape. This makes your hair flip out at the bottom.

From the end of the part down the back of your head, all hair goes up and under, for fullness. At the very bottom make the ends flip by turning them up.

And don't forget Soft Hair Dry Spray with Protein. Its conditioners will counteract the drying effects of a hot-comb or blow-dryer. And it'll control your hair while keeping it healthy-looking.

After all, if your hair is dull and dried out, all the styling in the world won't help the way you look. That's why, no matter what style you decide on, we've got a product that will help you.

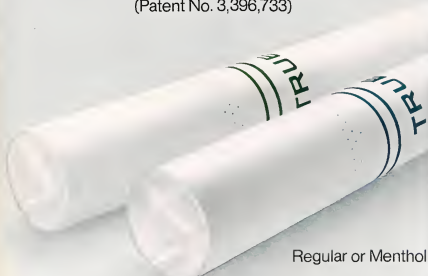


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Warning - The Surgeon General Has Determined
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

EPIDEMIC

Many baseball fans who are uneasy about the designated hitter rule are watching the American League's experiment with interest, subconsciously assuming that the league is functioning as a laboratory where the rule can be tested and, if found wanting, safely discarded. But it is becoming evident that the DH is spilling out of such controlled confines. For example, the Boston Park League, which is starting its 42nd season (it is said to be the oldest such league in the country), has adopted the rule. "We polled the team managers and received an overwhelming endorsement of the proposed change," said Bob Cusack, the league director. "Every manager appears to have in mind several men who have slowed down, yet have lost none of their power."

This changing of the game at its roots may be irreversible, and whether that is good or bad is moot. A learned student of baseball, Earnshaw Cook, who wrote the book *Percentage Baseball*, argues convincingly that baseball officials cannot possibly know what effect the designated hitter will have on the game and criticizes them for adopting the rule precipitously without really exploring the situation.

Baseball conservatives, who hate to see the game changed, can probably live with the DH, but they fear that the traditional fabric of the game will soon be decorated with more gaudy ribbons of change. Indeed, Charles Maher, the urbane columnist of the *Los Angeles Times*, says flatly that baseball should ape football and adopt the platoon system. Maher may well be writing with his sharp tongue curled into his amused cheek, but he quotes Ted Williams' remark that the DH is "the forerunner of other things. More specialists. More substitutions." Maher says platooning would improve the quality of both hitting and fielding, arguing, "Who wants to watch Frank Howard play left field? Who wants to watch Dal Maxwell bat?"

Ominous. If the day of the designated hitter is here, and here to stay, is the era of the complete athlete, the whole man, on the way out?

MERCY

The president of the student body at Indiana University suggested the school give returned U.S. prisoners of war free tickets to Indiana football games. That was too much for one old grad to take. He wrote to the school, "I am opposed to this. These fellows have suffered enough already."

INSIDE WALTON

The deadline has passed for Bill Walton to declare himself a hardship case and sign with the pros, which means that UCLA's 6'11" center was stating the simple truth when he said he would be back with the team for his senior year. He upset newspaper and radio-TV people when he refused to stand still for interviews after UCLA's victory over Memphis State in the NCAA finals, but before that game he had made his position clear to Curry Kirkpatrick (SI, April 2).

Walton apparently sees himself as a college student first, a basketball player second. He is at home in class and in student activities and, in fact, is a bit of a campus radical. He took a prominent part in an antiwar rally last year and was busted as a result. Before the Memphis State game he said, "I'm staying in school, it's as simple as that. I've always planned on going to school for four years, and what I want to do now is associate with young people who share my views. I did think of leaving about midseason when the teams we were playing started stalling. More teams have played us with less basketball this year, and it hasn't been as much fun."

"But there was never really a choice. Everybody who knows me assumed I wouldn't leave. I haven't even told my parents. They know me well enough to know what the answer would be."

"I'm not getting a bunch of press cats together to make an announcement and say, 'Okay, here it is: I'm staying.' My life isn't the biggest thing in the world. I have my reasons for not talking to the press now. I don't want to antagonize anybody because I understand their interest in me, even if I don't agree with it, but that's the way it's got to be. I just want to play basketball and get my degree."

YOU WILL NOW CHEER

The fuss over noise vs. silence at tennis matches (SCORECARD, March 12) continues, although an experiment in crowd cheering conducted by pro tennis at the Union Trust Classic outside Washington, D.C. was a disaster, at least as far as Ken Rosewall was concerned. Before Rosewall's semifinal match with Arthur Ashe, P.A. Announcer Charlie Brotman asked the crowd of nearly 3,000 to cheer and yell as it pleased, and twice during



actual play he got on the P.A. system and reminded them again. There was a spate of noise, but most of the fans booed the prematch announcement and booed the reminders.

Rosewall had agreed to the experiment, although reluctantly. "He asked me if I'd go along with it," the player said of Brotman's request. "What am I going to do, say no? That's not me."

But it was obvious the cooperative Rosewall was not happy, particularly when Brotman was making his fairly

continued

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DUNLOP
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lengthy appeals to the crowd. "Bloody long-playing recordings," Rosewall muttered as he lost to Ashe 6-4, 5-7, 6-4. He attributed his mistakes to lack of concentration. "The noise obviously upsets some players more than others. But the people were really too interested in the game to cheer. It was only when they were reminded by the guy on the horn that they started again."

JACK'S PACK

Miller Barber, the veteran golf pro who tied Jack Nicklaus in the Greater New Orleans Open a couple of weeks ago, then lost on the second hole of a sudden-death playoff, was more than a little taken aback by the huge gallery's vociferous support of Nicklaus. "I know everyone wanted Jack to win," Barber said. "Heck, I don't blame them. I'd probably be for him, too, if I was in the crowd. But it was the first time in my life I ever but a putt and heard people say, 'Miss it!'"

"That's uncalled for. I don't know what's happening to people today. I know they wanted Jack to win because he's a great player, and it's a draw for the tournament next year. That's fine, I'm all for that, but don't pull against somebody. I'm a Southern boy, raised in Texas, and when the people here pulled against me it really hurt."

BLOCK THAT FOUL

Official basketball statistics of the Southeastern Conference include a stopper of a category: defense against free throws. Vanderbilt, whose opponents sank only 307 of 471 free-throw attempts (65.2%), led the conference, which prompted Roy Skinner, the Vanderbilt coach, to say, "We practice very hard on our defense against foul shots. We spend a lot of time popping our knuckles and snapping our fingers. We also practice looking cross-eyed at the shooter. For the later games we put in something new: coughing and sneezing. We haven't had much experience at this, but the wave of colds and flu helped a lot."

LOOK MA, NO HANDS!

Never mind the designated hitter. Every year baseball comes up with variations on the old themes that you can't hardly believe. Mr. Joseph M. Kapsch Jr., a teacher at St. Jerome's School in Hyattsville, Md., writes to tell us of something he saw in a kids' game at a

local park. It was a triple play with no fielder touching the ball. With runners on first and second, the batter popped up. The umpire promptly called the batter out on the infield-fly rule. But the runner on first was confused and raced around second on his way toward third, he was called out for passing the runner at second base. The runner on second, bemused by all this, froze in his tracks, was hit on the shoulder by the descending pop fly and was called out for being hit by a batted ball.

O.K.? Baseball lawyers are now invited to present minority opinions on the umpire's decision.

DOG FISH

In most places the ice has cracked and gone, and spring is here, but one ice-fishing story lingers. A true one, too. A Minnesotan man named Jim Johnson took his Labrador with him to his fish house on the ice of Eagle Lake. When a huge northern pike suddenly appeared in the hole cut in the ice the dog jumped in after it. And disappeared.

Johnson was understandably upset, assuming that his dog, trapped under the ice, would drown. But the alert animal swam to a hole under a neighboring fish house and struggled up onto the ice through that. The fisherman in the second house was so impressed by this unanticipated visitor that he bolted and ran—right through the wall of the house.

BIG TIME

Enthusiasm for high school basketball is high in many sections of the country, but it is difficult to imagine a sector more intense in its interest than Utah, where the rivalry between Orem and Provo high schools reached new peaks this year. Both schools are in Utah's top classification, 4-A. In their first regular-season game they met in Brigham Young University's old Smith Fieldhouse because it was obvious that neither school's gym was anywhere big enough to accommodate the anticipated crowd. They drew 10,011 people, and Provo won 64-61. For their second regular-season game the teams moved to roomier Marriott Center because it was felt Smith Fieldhouse was really too small. They drew 13,813 and Provo won again, 55-54.

Provo finished its regular season undefeated. Orem was undefeated except for the two losses to Provo. Both schools went to the state tournament. They were

in different brackets and, inevitably, they met in the finals for the state title. The tournament was played in Utah Arena, and the Provo-Orem game drew 14,521. Again Provo won by a point, this time 58-57. Provo ended up 25-0 for the season, Orem 21-3.

There could not be a more impressive high school rivalry in the country: three games decided by a total of five points with an overall attendance of 38,345.

LAST AID

Some fourth-graders in Edmonds, Wash. were recently asked about first aid. The answers are either cheering or disheartening, depending on whether or not you are a prospective patient:

For fainting: "Rub the person's chest, or if a lady, rub her arms above her head."

For fractures: "To see if the limb is broken, wiggle it gently back and forth."

For head colds: "Use an agonizer to spray nose until it drops in the throat."

For snakebite: "Bleed the wound and rape the victim in a blanket for shock."

For nosebleed: "Put the nose lower than the body."

For asphyxiation: "Apply artificial respiration until the victim is dead."

THEY SAID IT

• Tim Wood, Indianapolis high school senior, who broke the world record for consecutive sit-ups with 15,525 in 10 hours, asked what he wanted to do when he finished: "Go to the bathroom."

• Babe McCarthy, former coach of the Dallas Chaparrals, after recruiting for a few weeks as the University of Georgia's new basketball coach: "I'd forgotten what college coaching was about. I've been on a gravy train for six years."

• Lance Alworth, Dallas Cowboy flanker, on San Diego-bound Johnny Rodgers, the Heisman Trophy winner who was 25th choice in the NFL draft: "I think the pro clubs missed the boat on him. So he weighs only 175. That's what I weighed when I turned pro. Tommy McDonald wasn't any bigger. And Rodgers has more moves than McDonald."

• Lynn (Pappy) Waldorf, former University of California football coach: "I was a college coach for 33 years, and I never believed a boy was too small if he could play. I'd find a spot for him. You can't have too many good players. Good players win games for you, not big players." **END**



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THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN

its troubles put aside for the moment, baseball opens aglow with heroes, record quests and a most provocative innovation **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

What has gotten into baseball? A new season begins, and they actually play ball on Opening Day. Could it be that a blessed peace has broken out between the men in knickers and the ones with the big cigars? Consider Vida Blue. He signed his contract. In March! In Chicago they have slain the fatted calf for Richard Anthony Allen. He that was lost has been found—and rewarded with the highest salary in baseball history. Yet who among you can view the terrible swift arm of Steve Carlton (see cover) and doubt the stern reality of retribution? Who has taller tantrums than Detroit Manager Billy Martin, who jilted the Tigers last Friday, then kissed and made up on Saturday? At 7 a.m.

After a decade of flirting with disas-

ter, baseball is up and kicking—and in the adventurous American League daring to violate the sanctity of the nine-man lineup with that radical new creature, the designated hitter. The American League has also gotten its most sumptuous new ball park in years, in Kansas City, whose citizens have accorded themselves the luxury of a stadium designed solely for baseball.

Still fresh is the memory of an exciting World Series, played on God's green grass in Oakland and Montanito's in Cincinnati; of the fierce divisional playoffs that preceded it; and of the firehouse American League East finish that came before. Now there is an unusual sense of opportunity all across the land, a feeling that champions can be unseated, tables turned.

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE DESIGNATED HITTER FOR THE PITCHER

A hitter may be designated to bat for the starting pitcher and all subsequent pitchers in any game without otherwise affecting the status of the pitcher(s) in the game. A Designated Hitter for the pitcher must be selected prior to the game and must be included in the lineup cards presented to the umpire-in-chief.

It is not mandatory that a club designate a hitter for the pitcher, but failure to do so prior to the game precludes the use of a Designated Hitter for that game.

Pinch hitters for a Designated Hitter may be used. Any substitute hitter for a Designated Hitter must be designated before the pitcher enters the game.

It is a year to contemplate records and the men who would break them: Henry Aaron closing in on Babe Ruth's 714 home runs, Lou Brock promising to surpass Ty Cobb's feat of stealing more than 50 bases in eight seasons. And so confident is baseball that it is indeed the national pastime, 15 Monday night games will be televised in prime time.

Heroes abound, and none more dazzling than Cesar Cedeno of the Houston Astros. At the tender age of 22 he is coming off a season in which he hit .320, drove in 83 runs (although he was usually second in the batting order) and stole 55 bases. Cedeno is the kind of player who could tear the roof off the Astrodome. Already he is being compared with the late Roberto Clemente as a generator of excitement. "I do not want to be the second Clemente," Cesar says. "I want to be the first Cedeno."

Should you cling to the shibboleth that today's players do not have wondrous names as in the good old days, roll this one off the tongue: Alonzo B. Bumby. He hails from Fredericksburg, Va. and plays in the outfield for the Baltimore Orioles. Buzz Busby and Crawford add pitching promise and a dash of alliteration to the Kansas City Royals and the Astros, respectively. And the California Angels have a new wrinkle in Bobby Winkles, whom they hired from Arizona State University, which makes the Angels the first club to get itself a manager right out of college coaching since Pittsburgh chose Hugo Bezdek in 1917. Has the hiring of Winkles scared the Dodgers' Walter Alston? No. Southern California is his until proved otherwise. Alston earns quite a bit more than Winkles but prefers not to discuss the gaudy details. "I don't need *avach*, you know," he says. "Just enough to keep me in shotgun shells."

One of the fascinations of baseball is that fans acquire more delectable worries, real and imaginary, than heretofore of daytime television. Minnesota followers, for instance, believe Owner Calvin Griffith spent so much time dressed in his kilt during salary negotiations that it may adversely affect the Twins.

continued

A World Series to savor, here, Oakland's Joe Rudi batting against the Reds: a phenomenon to savor, the Astros' Cesar Cedeno hurrying home, and a role to argue—the DH



Carlton Fisk of the Red Sox has been plagued with a sore arm; Frank Robinson of the Angels has twice been injured in training; a governor was applied to Cincinnati's Bobby Tolan to limit his running after he pulled a muscle; and the Cardinals' Sisco Spinks, a brilliant young pitcher, has had control problems while recovering from surgery on torn knee ligaments. And there is the concern that Johnny Bench of the Reds, who also underwent off-season surgery, will be hard put to maintain his strength over a long summer.

Over in the other league interest is at its strongest in years, thanks to the DH rule. Probably not since the Roman Catholic Church switched from Latin to English Masses has any break with tradition caused more vigorous argument in this country. The complicated rule, as recent references from Outer Mongolia may not know, permits a man

to hit in place of the pitcher, thus giving American League teams the option of using a minimum of 10 players in every game while the National holds to the customary nine. When the season is about one-quarter along it will be possible to calculate just what is happening to run scoring, batting averages, RBIs and the number of complete games pitched. Certain statistics may go haywire. American League pitchers will surely have fewer strikeouts simply because they will not be throwing to opposing pitchers three or four times a game. Had the rule been in effect last season, Nolan Ryan of the Angels probably would not have been the strikeout leader. He fanned 329 batters to 310 for Carlton, but some 40 of Ryan's victims were pitchers. Stolen bases should increase because the DH man will get the leadoff hitters up more often. Spring games provided only a taste of the new era—interleague games were played without the DH—but clearly a lot of hits were being made that otherwise would not have been.

One thing is certain: Henry Aaron will not catch Babe Ruth as a DH, asterisk in hand. Wrong league. But catch him he will. It is just a matter of time, but what kind of time? Aaron needs 42 more home runs. Last year he hit 34, only 10 by June 10. He was off slowly because of the layoff caused by the players' strike. In 1971 Aaron hit 47, the year before that 38, and the year before that 44. It does not hurt that the fences have been brought in at Dodger Stadium and San Diego, and the Braves certainly have not pushed them back at their launching pad in Atlanta. Aaron also could benefit from the early 1973 schedule. In the first four weeks he should be swinging in the kind of warm weather he likes. The Braves open at home, then go to California, then to Cincinnati for but three games—two of them in daylight—and subsequently return home. That period covers 23 games. And besides warm weather, Aaron should also be drawing a good many left-handed pitchers.

"I'm going to swing the bat naturally, the way I always have," Aaron says. "I'm sure not going to start trying to hit the ball to right field. Why change after all these years? I just want to hit the ball hard. I've found that home runs come when you don't go after them. I know the pitchers will work me carefully. I've just got to discipline myself



Tell about us to date in Kansas City: the



At age 38, No. 44 goes after No. 715.

to wait for nothing but good pitches."

Chances are the first Atlanta player to shake Aaron's hand whenever he hits No. 715 will be Dusty Baker, the 23-year-old who will be fourth behind Henry. Last season Baker hit .321, the third-highest average in the majors. As Baker goes, so may Aaron.

Brock's race against Cobb lacks the glamour of Aaron's quest but is remarkable nonetheless. Beating Cobb at anything is remarkable. The book says a good runner should be safe stealing second base 66% of the time. Brock, 33 now, has made it 76% of the time. "Going after Cobb's record," he says, "doesn't thrill me as much as maybe it should, because I feel that when Maury Wills stole 104 he reached the limit of human endurance. The element of surprise is important to a man who steals 20 to 25 bases a season. In my case there is little element of surprise left."

Surprises of another sort may be in the offing, for not since divisional play began in 1969 has the game offered such possibilities for exciting races. Las Vegas oddsmakers have established Cincinnati at 6 to 5 to win the National League West and Pittsburgh even-money favorite to win the East. The latest line on the Oakland A's is 5 to 6, and the Baltimore Orioles are being sent out at 8 to 5. Many old hands who have watched each of the favorites play this spring feel that those prices are unrealistic.



Listening new 40,673-seat Royals Stadium.

Cincinnati's Big Red Machine is a steamroller only so long as all the parts function precisely. There is little surplus horsepower. Like many other teams the Reds are making a major position switch, moving Centerfielder Bobby Tolan to right, where his loss of speed will be less of a handicap, and swinging Cesar Geronimo to center. Then there is Bench. Opponents were stealing on him in spring games—something new in *base-majesty*.

As for the Pirates, East Division winners the last three years, their spring was one of some anxiety. For the first time since 1969 they failed to play 500 ball in the Grapefruit League. Their first 19 games produced the horrendous total of 33 errors plus other defensive mistakes that went unrecorded. No matter how the Pirates try to patch up the outfield to compensate for the loss of Clemente, a good many more runs will be scored against Pittsburgh this year than in 1972.

It is Centerfielder Al Oliver more than Manny Sanguillen, who has moved into right field, who must truly replace Clemente in the Pirate lineup. Oliver will bat third—Clemente's old spot—and is acutely aware of his responsibility.

"The word superstar is probably overused in sports," Oliver says, "but Clemente was a superstar. That is the way other players looked upon him. On New Year's Eve I had been to a party. At 4:30 in the morning Willie Stargell called

and asked if I had heard the news. I can't explain it, but something flashed in the back of my mind that said, 'Clemente's dead.' My legs got weak and my whole body started to tremble. We turned on the five o'clock news and heard that his plane had gone down."

As far as the hairy ones from Oakland are concerned, the pinching is still just fine, but can Charles O. Finley really give up a Mike Epstein, a Marty Alou and a Dave Dunean and never feel the loss? In the madcap East the Orioles hopefully have improved their hitting; certainly the Yankees have. But the late acquisition of Jim Perry, the 1970 Cy Young winner, strengthens the defending Tigers. In Boston one may see the most interesting designated hitter of all, Orlando Cepeda's knees are in terrible shape. The word is that an Exercycle may be put in the dugout for Cepeda to pedal between appearances at bat so that his knees will not stiffen up. But, ah, how he is hitting: nine for 26 in spring games for a .346 average.

The most encouraging aspect of baseball 1973 is that all the talk is of the game, not of labor and management or of greener pastures in Yonder City. The players were taking their jobs seriously this spring. Dick Allen could be found alone working against the Iron Mike in Sarasota at 7 a.m. In Lakeland one morning Mickey Lolich, the winner of 47 games in 703 innings of work for Detroit in the last two years, wiped sweat from his forehead and reflected on the virtues of effort. "At the Oldtimers Games," he said, "I'd watch the players run out onto the field and acknowledge the cheers. One day an old guy ran out and somebody on the bench said, 'He played for the Tigers in the '30s. Remember him?' It pained me when another guy said no. I felt sorry for the old guy and made up my mind it would never happen to me. I want people to know I've been here."

Just one spring ago Johnny Bench was saying—although without much conviction—that he was not going to tip his cap after hitting a home run because he had been booed so fiercely in Cincinnati the season before. Bench did tip his cap in 1972, though, and became the National League's Most Valuable Player for the second time in three years. Early this March Bench was standing at Al Lopez Field in Tampa looking at one particular face in a packed house. Sud-

denly Bench flipped his mitt to the grass and began clapping his hands. The man Bench was applauding was Lieut. Colonel Richard Keirn, an Air Force pilot who had served one week in Vietnam and 7½ years in a Hanoi POW camp. Keirn was to throw out the first ball, but before any public announcement was made the Reds and Detroit Tigers followed Bench's lead and then all the people in the ball park started applauding—to such a degree that Colonel Keirn began to cry. Keirn threw the ball, Bench caught it and ran to Keirn's box. "This is the greatest thrill I've ever had," Johnny said. "It was the finest pitch I ever caught."

Thus the baseball season commences with more things going for it than seemed possible a few months ago. The fans are alive, the players are excited and for the moment the times of trouble are forgotten.

END



At 25, Johnny Bench has an arm to prove.

BURY HIS HEART AT WOUNDED JAW

Few saw the punch, but it was obvious that for all of Muhammad's courage a Whodoyoucallim named Norton had cracked his armor **by DAN LEVIN**

Has anything normal ever happened to Muhammad Ali? There was Liston on his stool, Paterson's aching back, Terrell's tears and Frazier's victory, which, to hear Ali tell it, was actually a loss and the cruelest thing ever to happen to Joe. Last week Ali was in San Diego to fight Ken Somebody, but of course he was preoccupied with more important things, such as philosophy, selling T-shirts and George Foreman's unwillingness to sign to fight him. If Ali paid any attention at all to Ken Somebody, it was only because of Somebody's hypofist, who seemed to bother Ali. No matter. San Diego was just another payday. So Ali went in against Ken Whoeverheis and got his jaw broken, probably in the first round, by a punch no one saw, and lost, leaving the sweet science—heavyweight division—in a very nonscientific shambles. As the San Diego crowd mingled in shock no one knew what lay ahead for Ali. Howard Cosell, in his most stentorian tones, announced, "I don't understand."

Joe Frazier was there. Ali had been telling the world that Joe had really lost to Foreman in round 16 and 17 of his fight with Frazier, and now, savoring every word, Frazier said, "I can't say this was something I done to him."

The anticipated big-money matches were all but dead on the planning board. George Foreman had killed the first when he knocked out Frazier and thus the Ali-Frazier rematch. Then Ken, whose last name it developed was Norton, ended a possible Ali-Foreman fight. Ken Norton? At least people had heard of Foreman, an Olympic champion. Norton not only was unknown as a fighter, he did not even look like a fighter. He had a body-builder's physique, with arms that appeared ready to pop, the legs of a middleweight, a 44-inch chest and a 31-inch waist. "He'll break in half," Ali's trainer Angelo Dundee said.

Norton was ranked eighth among the world's heavyweights, but he seemed to

have sneaked in. He had never fought a top-ranked fighter. He had tried, but Jerry Quarry's people said no, and Mae Foster's, and George Chuvalo's and Ron Lyle's. Maybe they knew something. But Muhammad Ali never ducked anyone, and there he was last week in San Diego failing to duck.

Nothing much happened in that first round, nothing anyone saw, that is, just a few tentative jabs from each fighter, maybe a fair right hand by Norton. Nothing damaging, certainly. But at the bell Ali had blood on his mouth, and he said to Dundee, "I think I've got a broken jaw." Forty-three bouts as a professional, 329 rounds with some of the world's greatest fighters, and a broken jaw? From what?

Dundee was guessing later when he said, "He must've gotten hit with his

mouth open," always a reasonable assumption with Ali. And Dr. Ferdie Pacheco recalled that Ali's jaw is eroded where two rear teeth are missing. He said, "It's like having a bad back all your life, and suddenly one day you can't move."

As round two ended, another dull one, Dundee asked Ali, "Do you want to quit?" Ali said no, but he must have been in considerable pain, and for the next several rounds he danced on his toes, sidling away from Norton. Ali's footwork was a lovely thing to see, but it did not exactly pile up points, and he probably landed no more than half a dozen good punches in these rounds, most of them in one lingering, poorly conceived combination as the fourth round ended. Norton started talking as the sixth round began. "You're nothing," he said, and landed his best punch yet, a hard, jolting right to Ali's head. No fighter Ali has met, save Frazier, seemed less intimidated.

Ali stayed on his toes for two more rounds, the seventh and eighth, twice slowing Norton with good jabs and once, as the eighth began, jolting him with a short right. Norton was crude in comparison to Ali and he looked bad when he missed, but there was an unmistakable vitality about him that Ali seemed to



lack. He kept getting Ali on the ropes and reaching back for terrible winging blows to Ali's middle. The 10th round was perhaps Norton's best. Once, as Ali held on, Norton came up under him and lifted him clear off the canvas. It was an impressive display of strength.

Ali seemed spent now, but somehow he rallied and had his best round in the 11th. He had Norton covering up, he seemed to be rejuvenated, his punches were sharp, but as the last round began Norton's corner told him, "Win this one and you've got the fight." And he did.

It wasn't always that easy for Ken Norton. He was kind of a wild kid, not delinquent wild but wild in a way that made it seem he would never live to grow up. That was in Jacksonville, Ill., pop. 20,000. One day when he was 8 he raced a train to a crossing on his bike and lost. There was not much left of the bike, but all of Ken seemed to be there still. At 14, on another bike, he was hit by a trailer truck and wound up on its hood, again unscathed. Scratch another bike. In high school he lettered in basketball, football and track and got numerous scholarship offers. He chose Northeast Missouri State and immediately was hit by a car, breaking his collarbone. Six months afterward he drove

his car into the side of a bridge, where it hung by the rear door from a piece of railing 50 feet above a lake. Later, on a bet, he took eight sleeping pills and had to have his stomach pumped. One day toward the end of his sophomore year he just walked off campus and joined the Marines.

"The Marines were tough," he says, "but they taught me to be my own man." In his second year in the Marines, at 21, he began boxing for the first time. In 1965 he won the All-Marine Corps Championship, and then he won it again in 1966 and 1967. A week before he was released he got a pro offer and took it.

The Marines taught Norton who he was; a man he met three years ago showed him who he could be. He is Dr. Michael Dean, a hypnotist in whose eyes there is a kind of glimmer that makes people look at him out of the corners of their eyes. The night before the Ali fight Dean said that hypnosis would be accepted as a boon to humanity 100 years from now, and that if Norton beat Muhammad Ali it would be a tremendous boost. He was in San Diego's Gaslight Supper Club, where he gives two double shows each weekend. On this night one of his many dramatic feats was to hypnotize a stout self-conscious woman who said she couldn't sing. Dean had her do a fine imitation of Sophie Tucker belting out *You Made Me Love You*. He said that show business is a means to an end, to gain attention for something very serious. He is concerned, he said, with helping people

realize their full potential, in business, in education, in athletics.

Dean met Norton in 1970, after his first and only loss, to Joe Luis Garcia. Norton had won 15 straight as a professional, 14 of them knockouts, and he says, "I wasn't prepared mentally for improved competition. I was cocky as hell." In the first round, his hands down, he got tagged with a straight right by Garcia and never recovered, losing in the eighth round by a knockout. Dean began teaching Norton self-hypnosis and working with his trainer, Eddie Futch, he implanted sound ring tactics in Norton's subconscious mind.

For all his improvement Norton became discouraged when top fighters would not agree to a match with him. Now they will have to if they want to make money, and Ali wants to be one of the first. Saturday night, after his jaw had been wired—"There was a 1/4-inch separation," a doctor said, "the pain must have been unbelievable"—Ali was still talking. "When I'm ready I'll take this guy back," he said. That could be by September, Angelo's brother Chris thinks, but "this guy"—the name, Ali, is Norton, Ken Norton—has to agree. He probably will. In the week before the fight Norton was reading a book entitled *Think and Grow Rich*. His favorite part was the final stanza of a poem:

*Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.* END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER



Desperately covering up, Ali tries to another another attack on his grievously injured jaw, special delivery from Ken Norton, who got his positive approach from hypnotist Dr. Michael Dean.

SHE'S THE CENTER OF ATTENTION

College basketball's other best player is Theresa Shank, a tall, deadly shooter whose all-round performance brought a second straight national title to Immaculata College, the real UCLA of the East **by JANE GROSS**



She stood beneath the basket, crouching expectantly. Her teammates rotated counterclockwise around the key, passing the ball back and forth, then fired it in to her and she laid it up. Down at the other end of the court she boxed out the opposing center, spun around for the rebound and loped back to her basket. Crouching again, she squinted out toward the foul line as a teammate put up a soft, arching set shot. As the ball hit the front of the rim she was off her feet, turning in midair, tapping it in.

She was Theresa Shank and, for all the small world that watched her, she looked like the Bill Walton of women's basketball. Indeed, her Immaculata College team could have been the UCLA of the East. Like Walton, Shank is a junior, and she usually plays in the low post. Although Theresa is a full foot shorter than Bill, she too looks down on the lesser mortals around her; her teams have lost in only nine of 91 high school and three of 53 college games.

While Walton was leading the Bruins to their seventh consecutive NCAA title and 75th consecutive victory last week, Shank sat in the West Chester, Pa. living room of her 25-year-old coach, Cathy Rush, and watched the game on television. Only the day before she had returned from Queens College in New York where she led the Mighty Macs to their second straight national championship and their 24th straight win. Immaculata, like UCLA, has outplayed its opposition by surrounding its big, quick and intimidating pivot player with a meticulously drilled team.

"I've never seen him play before," Theresa said as the UCLA-Memphis State contest got under way, "but I sure wish they'd give me \$2 million." The women's game has come a long way, but not that far. Even though Theresa scored 104 points in four games during the tournament and grabbed 72 rebounds, she is still looking for just a bit of that recognition that Walton would gladly duck.

Last summer in Iowa Theresa earned a place on the team that will go to the World University Games in Russia in August. "I got off the plane," she remembers, "and someone said, 'Where's Shank?' They knew how many points and rebounds I had and they were expecting someone 6' 3" and 230 pounds." She happens to be 5' 11" and 156 pounds, with blue eyes and a patrician face that is marred only by a scowl when she is doing battle under the boards for dear old Immaculata.

The spectators at the championships of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women saw basketball, not hair-pulling or hulking girls. Top-seeded Immaculata stopped Indiana State and Western Washington before facing Southern Connecticut State in the semifinals. In that game, the third in two days for both teams, the Macs hustled back from a 12-point deficit in the final three minutes only to have Southern tie it up with 26 seconds remaining. Marianne Crawford, Immaculata's 5' 5" freshman guard with a full bag of flashy moves, shot from the outside. "I saw the ball fall off the front of the rim," Shank says, "and I got a good piece of it on my fingertips. I just put it right back up and the ball went through the net as the buzzer sounded."

The next day, in a fitting celebration of Theresa's 21st birthday, Immaculata destroyed Queens before a sellout crowd of 3,000. The closeness of the 59-52 score was a gift; the Macs led 59-37 when Coach Rush began pulling her starters midway in the fourth quarter. "Last year we were not seeded and everyone thought we were a fill-in team, a fluke," Theresa said. "No more."

Rush uses the same six players and a one-guard offense almost exclusively. Her opponents counted on four games in three days being too much for her team, but the Macs have stamina as well as talent and that careful drilling. "Our two-hour daily practices are 90% drills," Rush says. "Ideally, if you have 12 players there should be 12 balls. Scrimmages

are easier to organize but they don't do much good. Our way, every player is involved and using the ball."

"I hate those sprints Mrs. Rush has us run," Shank says, "but they make a tournament like this easy. During Christmas vacation we had regular practice and ran miles." They also ran their own kangaroo court, Judge Maureen Mooney presiding, where they fine each other 1¢ for a missed outside shot, 2¢ for a missed inside shot, 2¢ for a bad pass, 5¢ for missing a foul shot, 10¢ for missing a solo layup, \$1 for fouling out and a penny credit for a steal or an offensive rebound.

Most of the Macs played for CYO and Catholic League teams before going to Immaculata, a tiny girls' school outside of Philadelphia run by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. "The Catholic League in Philadelphia is a great incubator," Rush says. "It plays title games in the Palestra in front of 6,000 screaming fans. My girls are very poised under pressure."

Theresa's first exposure to pressure came as a child in her Glenolden, Pa. neighborhood. "There were five boys on the block so I was the sixth player and I wasn't very tall then," she says. "We played behind my house, shooting the ball between the telephone wires and the kitchen window. When I was 13 my father put up a court. I went through an awful lot of loafers in those days because I was too embarrassed to wear sneakers."

She started in the CYO league in junior high school, playing for the first time what used to be known as girls' rules. (Boys' and girls' rules are almost the same now, which anybody can plainly see when Theresa has had a rough game. She is bruised up and down the length of her.) "I wasn't impressed with organized ball when I started," Theresa says. "Half court, limited dribbles, two rovers. I said to myself, 'I don't want to play this way.' I'd cheat like mad to make it up the court in three dribbles, walking before I started and walking after I finished." She went from there to Cardinal O'Hara High School where her team won three titles in four years. "I thought I would be through with basketball after I finished high school," she says, "but God has funny ways of working things."

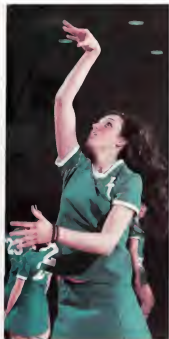
Cathy Rush, it turned out, was leaving public school teaching to coach at Immaculata, other Catholic League play-

ers were enrolling there, and the school was putting up a new gym to replace the one that burned down in 1966. Until it was completed in 1971, Rush's team practiced in the novitiate across the road. "The nuns had recreation from 4 to 4:30," she remembers. "We'd come in as they were finishing up. Not being a Catholic I didn't know too much about the Sisters. I really got a kick out of seeing them roller-skating and jumping up and down on pogo sticks with their habits flying!"

The Rushes have a 5-month-old son whom the coach brings to all practices. While the team drills, little Ed sleeps in his portable crib on the bench. All the girls come from big families—Theresa, whose father is a receiver in an A&P warehouse and whose mother is a nurse, is the oldest of five children, and three of the five starters come from families with seven children—and they love to play with the baby. The Rushes also have a basketball camp in the Pocono Mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania—two weeks for boys, two weeks for girls, with an extra week planned for the girls this summer. "They're on the court before breakfast," says Ed Rush, an NBA referee. "They play two full games and five one-on-one tournaments a day, have clinics with visiting pros and then watch NBA films at night."

Shank and several of her teammates work at the Rushes' camp. Theresa also coached a junior-high CYO team through an undefeated regular season. Last summer she worked in a Philadelphia playground, tuning up her own shots after the kids went home. The young coaches play a game called "Taps" made up of two-girl teams. One player lofts a shot from the outside. The other stands under the basket and taps it in. Shades of Crawford and Shank in the semis.

A biology major, Theresa wants to teach science after she graduates and hopefully coach, but first she plans to get married. "I announced my engagement in a huddle at the West Chester game this year," Theresa says. Her fiancé, Karl Greutz, was one of the five boys who played basketball with her through the telephone wires. He also coaches a boys' club team and he and Theresa go to Big Five games together and talk basketball constantly. He gives Theresa advice but never talks down to her. "You're constantly being compared



Theresa tips one with her soft touch.

to men," she complains. "It's a different game. At 12 or 13 you can compete together, but not after that. By then, the boys are quicker and stronger."

Shank perhaps underestimates her own strength. At the Regionals in Lock Haven, Pa. she sprained her ankle, taped it up and kept on playing. While resting her ankle before the Nationals she ran 2½ miles a day to "keep my competitive edge."

After she had watched UCLA's Walton finish up Memphis State, she said, "Forty-four points and only one missed shot in a championship game. Not bad. But I wonder if they have fun playing? They don't even look excited and that's the best part of a tournament."

For the Immaculata winners this year it was, anyway. The net came down, the Mighty Macs and their boyfriends stayed over in New York and a case of Cold Duck sent by the school janitor flowed all night. At Immaculata two titles in a row and Cold Duck are plenty of excitement.

END



**PETTY BLUE,
STP RED
AND BLOOEY!**



Their colors don't match and their personalities clash, but racing's team of Petty and Granatelli always gives them a run for the money. At the Atlanta 500, they did it with a bang **by ROBERT F. JONES**

A stronger blend of styles could scarcely be imagined in any sport. First comes the Superstar—long, lean and laconic, a drawing epitome of Southern charm and dash, Jeb Stuart on wheels. Then there is Moneybags—short, round and loquacious, a trench-coated archetype of Chicago-style pushiness, fast with a checkbook. That's Richard Petty and Andy Granatelli, the Odd Couple of stock-car racing.

Last week at the Atlanta International Raceway, Petty and Granatelli once again pooled their disparate talents, this time in pursuit of victory in the \$142,825 Atlanta 500, one of the Southland's richest and most hotly contested Grand National races.

They didn't get it. In fact, one might say they literally blew it as Petty exited the race spinning in a furious burst of smoke. But it was done in a style worthy of the king of the road and, as ever, Richard drew as many cheers in defeat as the ultimate winner, David Pearson, got in coasting home to an unspectacular victory.

But behind the smoke, as with all types of motor racing, there was a lot more to see at Atlanta last week than Petty and the boys chasing one another's tail pipes through the corners of the speedway's 1½-mile asphalt oval. A. J. Foyt was on hand, making one of his frequent forays into NASCAR country in hopes of winning even more money and acclaim at the expense of the good ole boys—but somehow Super Tex just didn't look right.

Petty had puzzled over the matter for awhile and then slapped his thigh. "Goddang it," he said, "Foyt's wearin' a toupee! No wonder he looks about 16 years old." And sure enough, there it was—a nifty swatch of skull carpeting that soon

had the regular NASCAR drivers honing their needles. "Hey, boy," they would yell as Foyt walked past, "where's yore daddy? You gotta be 21 to get in the pits." Foyt merely grinned and went about his business, which is simply preparing and driving a car, any kind of car, as fast as is humanly possible. To those who cared to see them, he showed photographs of his new Indy machine, a sleek, winged Coyote with which he plans to win his fourth Indianapolis 500 next month. "For awhile there, the fan had gone out of Indy for me," he said. "This year it's back."

Mark Donohue, another part-time participant in the NASCAR go-arounds and the winner of this season's opener at Riverside, also was present, nervous as usual about the intricacies of suspension setups. "This is such a short track compared to Daytona or Talladega that you're cornering nearly all the way around," he said, tinkering with his red, white and blue Matador. "It's going to be a real killer on tires."

Stock-car racing vets Buddy Baker and Cale Yarborough were more concerned with engines. Both of them seemed to have had the Daytona 500 sewed up last February when their motors cooked, leaving the door open for Petty's fourth win in stock-car racing's richest event—the most ever at that track. Of course, Richard is already the winningest driver in NASCAR history (in terms both of races and personality), and his 150 victories over 15 seasons amount to more than double those won by Pearson, his closest rival. "Atlanta's not one of my lucky tracks," Richard allowed early in race week. "I've never won the spring race here, and I've only won the fall race a couple of times."

He was seated behind the wheel of his Dodge 1000 transporter truck, munching popcorn and staring at the steady rain that beset Georgia nearly all week and profoundly fouled up qualifying for the race. Petty likes to fiddle with his image almost as much as he

likes to fiddle with cars—and this season he is sporting a wicked gunfligher's mustache to match last season's long sideburns and riverboat-gambler's hair. When he added his high-crowned black cowboy hat he looked like one of the *Wild Bunch* and, indeed, the mustache has become a matter of concern to Granatelli and his STP minions. Not for reasons of propriety. It seems that all the STP commercials in which Petty appears were shot before he grew the stash, and to reshoot them would cost more than the oil-additive company pays for the whole Petty racing program.

"I got a little heat from the fans and the other drivers at first," Richard said, stroking the scruffy object of all this concern. "The fans don't like their heroes to change, and of course you can understand that. One of the real values of racing, or any sport for that matter, is that it gives the public some stability, something to watch that doesn't hardly ever change, while the world around them is flyin' every which way."

Another point of potential conflict between Petty and his new owner was a question of colors. During the years that Chrysler backed Petty Enterprises with full factory support, Richard painted his Plymouths a fine hard color that came to be known as Petty blue and became synonymous with his grand success. When Chrysler dropped out of racing and Granatelli picked up the major monetary role in 1972 (the Petty family still builds and prepares its cars), Andy naturally insisted that the cars be painted in his own favorite color—that garish, Day-Glo, STP red. "I don't give a damn what color Petty likes," he said. "I happen to like red."

The compromise they finally arrived at—after two days of debate and playing with crayons—leaves the cars Petty blue on the hood, roof and trunk, while the door panels and fenders are Granatelli gaudy. Since NASCAR's super-speedways are steeply banked most of the way around, what the fans see mainly is the blue of the upperworks—a nifty bit of ridge-runner cunning on Richard's part. "I offered him \$50,000 finally to paint it all red," Andy says, "and, by God, he wouldn't."

The greatest potential for conflict, *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE BORG

Under that "Wild Bunch" hat, behind the mustache and gambler's sledge—and under the blue rooftop—is the same Richard Petty.

though, lay in the vast difference in personalities. Like the best of Southern hill folk, Richard Petty is reserved, gracious and possessed of an almost medieval courtliness—flavored with grits and ham hocks—that renders him larger than life. Andy is larger than life, period. A man whose ambition matches his girth, and whose bad luck at Indy has often exceeded them both, he is not afraid to be bumptious if it can get him publicity. Indeed, his carefully calculated gaucheries and low-brow approach to advertising have played a major part in elevating his Scientifically Treated Products from ninth place among old additives in the early 1960s to a position of visual prominence second only to one other American product of any kind. "Think of it for a moment," says one of Andy's lieutenants. "The only other logo in America, if not in the entire world, that is better known than STP is Coca-Cola. We know. We pay good money for the recognition surveys."

Few racing fans will forget Granatelli's performance in Victory Circle at Indianapolis in 1969, when Mario Andretti finally brought home the bacon Andy had been seeking for the better part of his life—the kisses, the tears, the whoops and whoanings that embarrassed not only his driver but most of the stoical Indy Establishment as well.

Then Granatelli outdid himself at Daytona earlier this year, and Richard Petty lost face in the process. With Jordan's King Hussein in tow ("Howdy like it, King?" Andy would ask), Granatelli burst like a soft bowling ball into the winner's circle, beat his chest, poured champagne over himself, told the world that his ecstasy at this success was even more sublime than what he had experienced at Indy—and later snatched the microphone from Petty's hands to take most of the accolades for himself. When one of his aides then accused him of bad form, Andy asked that every newspaper sports page in America be scanned for stories and pictures of his ignominy in the name of STP. "So far," says the aide with a wry shake of his head, "we've given him 2,000 pages. That ain't bad for free advertising."

Petty himself is unconcerned about his owner's behavior; indeed, he is rather amused by it. "Andy does his way and I do mine," says Richard. "At first

I was a bit embarrassed, but now I feel easy. If we were both flamboyant personalities, there'd likely be a bit of trouble. But I know who I am, the other drivers know who I am, and the fans know who I am. And they also know you can't go racin' without you got some money behind you. No, Andy's all right. He's just different, is all." With that, Richard crumpled his popcorn bag and dismounted from the big, Petty-blue tractor cab, heading for the track's infield restaurant, the Caution Café, where the lunch menu offered country fried steak, turnip greens and cherry cobbler for only \$2. Petty limped as he walked, favoring his right leg.

"Yep," he said, "burned my heel good up at Bristol, Tennessee last weekend. Engine exhaust through the floorboards. Nothin' I could do about it—it was like some cat was down there with a blowtorch, treatin' me to a blast. A lot of folks, they sort of think race drivers aren't *athletes*, that the car does all the work. Now in a pro football game the ball's in play for only about six or seven minutes, and there's two squads to split the time, offense and defense. A race driver's workin' for three or four hours with no time-outs, and his life is on the line ever second. Oh, they get banged up good, those ballplayers, but I don't believe they ever get a hotfoot like this one."

Then, while the rain still poured down on the blossoming dogwoods of north-west Georgia, Richard cut out a couple of pads from a Styrofoam coffee cup to protect his sore heel and sat back to await Granatelli's arrival. If he winced at all while he waited, it was probably his heel talking.

Andy drifted in on the company jet, under the rain clouds, and he was quick to defend his Daytona behavior to those reporters who had ripped him off. "Sure, I was overjoyed at the victory," he said. "It's pretty much of a miracle for an owner to win at both Indy and Daytona—no other owner has ever done it. I was thinking, somebody's got to drop out, and usually it's me. Anyway, wow! When the checkered flag falls, I jump off the outside retaining wall, sprint down to the winner's circle—that's about 400 yards—and although I'm a fast runner, I'm not really in the best of shape. The reason I poured the champagne over

my head is that it's the most readily available coolant I'm hot—man! Any other evidence of excitement I won't even bother to explain."

Richard listened to the Granatelli rationale with a straight face. Clearly he was more concerned about the weather. That night a frog-strangler of a rainstorm smashed into the area—a real dam-buster front laced with lightning, hail, thunder and twisters that ripped up nearby Athens and Jonesboro, killing at least three people and destroying both homes and chicken coops. The storm canceled any hope of qualifying and the drivers drew lots for their 40 positions on the starting grid.

The Lucky Number Pole ticket went to USAC's Gordon Johncock in a year-old Chevrolet, Cale Yarborough, in another Chevy, dominated the second row. Still two more Chevroles came right behind and for a time it looked like Gaston's big day. Richard wasn't as lucky: he drew the 16th spot on the starting lineup. "It don't really matter that much," he muttered through his mustache. "I should be able to reach the front in about 10 or 20 laps." And why not? That is one of the reasons the fans love NASCAR races—Richard's grand charges.

Once the tornadoes had spun through, the weather cooperated beautifully. Race day dawned cloudless and cool and the Pettys were up with the blackbirds. Granatelli had already headed back to his Florida home. Left entirely to his own devices, Richard performed with his customary panache.

At the drop of the green flag, Yarborough surged into the lead, catching the collective eyes and throats of the crowd. But here came the king, during the first lap Petty swung into a high groove and roared from 16th to ninth place. By the third lap he was in seventh—and still blasting. Holding to the top of the banking, and with plenty of houses in hand, he scoffed up Bobby Isaac's 1973 Ford to take over third place on the 14th lap of the 328-lap race. Then he zeroed in on Pearson's red-and-white Mercury. Richard pushed the blue snout of his 1973 Dodge under Pearson's tail pipes and drafted him for the next 26 laps, utilizing to its maximum the technique he himself had advanced.

Meanwhile other drivers were undergoing the usual attrition. Pete Hamilton,

continued

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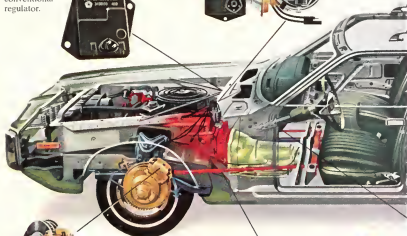
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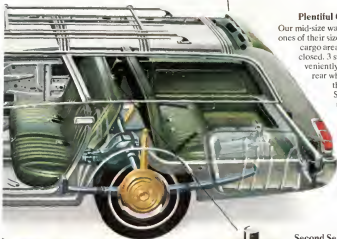
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- 3.** Hardy. He's Reggie J. Van Phynque II. Gimmick: fithy nch. Wears cashmere toupee. Smokes double-vented cigarette. **4.** Right. He likes his racing without far-out fads or gimmicks. Wants his cigarette that way, too. Camel Filters: Honest, no-nonsense. Fine tobacco. Easy and good tasting. **5.** Bubbles Ficklem, racing groupie. Gimmick: 18 stopwatches. with Mickey Mouse hands. Smokes Fellinis. **6.** Fellini. Gimmick: never sees a race, too busy following other sports events on portable TV and radio.

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the young hot dog who was Petty's teammate back in 1970, retired on the 38th lap when his Plymouth just quit. Bobby Allison, last year's most consistent winner on this circuit, burned a piston. Contenders Foyt and Donohue dropped out. Then, on the 40th lap, Petty slingshotted his way past Pearson into second place and when Yarborough pitted a short time later, he took over the lead.

Pit stops complicate the scoring in this sport, and Yarborough regained the lead, but Petty's stops were quick enough to keep him near the front of the pack for the first third of the race, and he was breathing down Cale's neck all the way. Then, on lap 140, something happened.

In a gust of blue smoke, his engine let go as he entered Turn One. The red-and-blue Dodge skidded in its own oil, careened sideways and then hit the wall. Shredding paint and smoke, the Petty car spun once and then rolled backward into the infield. Other drivers missed him by the narrowest of margins during the slow descent. But Richard was safe—he leaped quickly out of the window and rode back to the garage area in a truck.

"It looked like I was trying to take a shortcut to Griffen," he said, referring to the nearby hamlet where he always stays during this race. "The engine just went POW! It was all my fault. Those other guys didn't have any place to go. Still, it was one hell of a ride."

When the engine failed, his car went sideways right in front of Buddy Baker. "He pushed me up on the wall," Petty said, "and I thought for a minute I was going out of the track. The danged pistons came right up through the engine wall and I saw them cracking there on the ground." Then he shook his head, donned his cowboy hat and lit up a stogie. That was the high point of the day.

Richard was out, soon Baker was out—and the race developed into a non-rousing duel between Yarborough and Pearson. Then Cale gave up with overheating problems, and Pearson coasted, inheriting his 68th victory. First-place purse was \$16,185, but even though Petty had not finished, he was credited with 34th spot and paid a modest \$1,430, piling up his winnings to \$46,660 in this young season. As Granatelli likes to say, "The colors contrast. And so do we contrast. But, by golly, it works." **END**



yesterday

today



times change

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FREDDIE IS SETTING THE PACE

But do call him 'Mr. Van Lennep.' An old-fashioned man of elegant mien, he is right up to date when it comes to harness racing

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Even more than Frederick Van Lennep's other accomplishments as a horseman, credit him with spectacularly avoiding the fate of Mrs. Miles Frank Yount, an oil-rich widow from Texas who resolved in the '30s to crash Kentucky's bluegrass society. Pansy Yount had a string of fine show horses. She broke ground on a \$1 million mansion and, with the last crystal chandelier hung and the last bronze door in place, threw a party for the horsey set. Some of the local gentry attended out of curiosity, only to be insulted to find that their hostsess had seen fit to install locks on the cupboards and Pinkerton guards at every door. The party was reckoned a partial success; Mrs. Yount never made local society, but neither did anyone steal her silverware.

Fred Van Lennep, by contrast, gets along in Kentucky just fine. He can pass for a local squire as he strides of a Sunday morning into the stone church on the grounds of Castleton Farm, the harness-horse spread he owns near Lexington, and he fits right in as he presides over the traditional Christmas party for the farm's workers, distributing gifts to the children that in years past have included 43 bicycles at a crack. A trim, well-tailored man of 61 with chiseled Barrymore features and lacquered hair that suggests the wet look is not dead everywhere, Van Lennep might have stepped at such moments from the pages of *Fanny Hill*.

But if Fred Van Lennep's appearance suggests a bygone era, he is in point of fact a figure of major current clout in the world of U.S. harness racing. He owns a large chunk of one harness track in Kentucky—the Red Mile. He has bestowed on an undeserving world Pompano Park, a handsome Florida harness facility that in almost a decade has not yet returned the first nickel of the millions he has poured into it. He is the dominant figure in Detroit's thriving Wolverine harness meeting, whose success has come partly at the expense of the



HIS TRACK SUITS HIM, BUT VAN LENNEP WISHES BETTORS LIKED POMPAHO'S POSH

same track's thoroughbred racing—which he also runs. And he is involved with show horses and greyhound racing, sometimes making money and sometimes losing, but seldom allowing either contingency to disturb his considerable aplomb.

His racing accomplishments—or lack of them—make it hard for horse people, in their obsession to separate winners from losers, to figure out Fred Van Lennep. Nor do his own characteristically discreet words always help. "The breeding farm has been my most important concern," he says in the paneled comfort of a Castleton office that bulges with the spoils of harness racing conquest—a Hambletonian bowl in a trophy case here, a Little Brown Jug on a shelf there. "Of course unexpected circumstances and opportunities have drawn me into other things, too. But there's always been a reason behind everything."

It is hard to believe that Van Lennep's roots do not go deep in Kentucky soil after all. Not that his upbringing on Philadelphia's Main Line was in any way deficient, but the fact remains that when he arrived in Lexington in 1949, he was laboring, even as Mrs. Yount had earlier, under certain handicaps. He was 38 and had just gone through a divorce and remarriage. His bride Frances, socialite daughter of the late automobile pioneer, John F. Dodge, had bought a breeding farm that Van Lennep, at that point more experienced at selling advertising space than horses, was now undertaking to run. Those were the delicate days before Women's Lib reduced us all to one sex, which made it all the more awkward when people earlessly said of the newlyweds, "There go Mr. and Mrs. Dodge. He's the automobile heir, you know."

Frances Dodge Van Lennep died two years ago, but any doubts about her husband had been dispelled long before that. "When Fred came here, some people thought, oh, here's just some guy who married a rich woman," recalls Horseman Albert Clay, who as a member of Kentucky's reigning thoroughbred aristocracy might not be expected to speak quite so approvingly of a harness-horse breeder in the best of circumstances. "I may have thought it myself. But Fred has convinced everybody. He's a doer.

When he gets involved in something, watch out."

As Clay's remarks suggest, Van Lennep's impact on the horse world owes less to whatever fine figure he cuts at Castleton's Christmas party than it does to another of those old-fashioned qualities, hard work. When he spent a few days last summer relaxing on a Caribbean beach, nobody could remember when he had last taken a vacation. His appetite for long hours astonishes underlings like Jonathan Figgs, a young man who confides, "You keep busy enough working for Mr. Van Lennep." At the root of this particular lament is the fact that while Fred Van Lennep owns three cars, poor beleaguered Jonathan is his only chauffeur.

With everything else, Van Lennep keeps busy in Lexington as one of the two biggest stockholders in both the historic Red Mile track and the 79-year-old Tattersalls sales company. The Red Mile's clay surface is considered the fastest in harness racing, but the track was financially distressed until Van Lennep merged it with Tattersalls, renovated the facilities and launched a spring night meeting. These steps saved the Red Mile and produced trickle-down effects not displeasing to Van Lennep: the track's venerable Lexington Trots, traditionally

the last major stop on harness racing's annual Grand Circuit, lends ambience to the Tattersalls yearling sale, which is where Castleton Farm peddles its horses and makes its money.

By such farsighted means has Van Lennep built Castleton into a leading breeder of quality trotters and pacers. One can think of the standardbred industry today as polarized between Castleton and Pennsylvania's larger Hanover Shoe Farms, each of which heads what amounts to its own geo-equal bloc. Where Hanover speaks for smaller breeders in Pennsylvania and Maryland, Castleton tends to represent those in Kentucky and Ohio. Hanover dominates the nearby Harrisburg yearling sale as surely as Castleton does Tattersalls; Hanover enjoys rave notices in the Harrisburg-published magazine, *The Harness Horse*, while Castleton receives a gratifying press in the Lexington-based *The Horseman and Fair World* of which—almost inevitably—Frederick Van Lennep is co-owner. Van Lennep cannot resist noting that Hanover Shoe had a head start. "We've done in 20 years what took them nearly half a century," he says.

Castleton Farm and Dodge Stables, the firm's prestigious show-horse division, encompass 1,400 carpeted acres.

continued



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Van Lennep can frequently be seen there, passing beneath ardes of stately buttonwoods, perhaps stopping to check on a herd of grazing blood horses, or to poke his head into one or another of the green-shingled barns. His involvement in Castleton is deepest during the Tattersalls yearling sale, where last fall 91 Castleton fillies and colts brought \$1,961,000. The \$2,549-per-horse average, a figure not even Hanover Shoe has matched, reflected a demand generated by the race-track performance of such Castleton-sired winners as Strike Out and Speedy Crown, as well as by the farm's own stable of 35 horses, most of them younger animals like Colonial Charm, the filly who was 1972's 2-year-old trotter of the year. In all, Castleton-sired horses won \$7.5 million last year, the high point being the Little Brown Jug, pacing's premier event, in which Strike Out won while other sons of Castleton stallions took the next four places. Strike Out retired to stud at Castleton soon after, joining his own sire, Bret Hanover, the broad-shouldered bay who is largely responsible for the farm's recent blitz both in the sales ring and on the track.

Bret—the Hanover part of the name can be dropped when talking of him around Castleton—retired in 1966 after a brilliant racing career, and for \$1 million Van Lennep bought a 50% interest in him. "We had depth in trotters but were a little shy in pacers," he says. It was, at the time, the biggest payment by an individual for a single piece of horseflesh of any breed. Surely it is the best million Van Lennep will ever spend. Bret is now 11 and dwelling in oak-paneled serenity at the Castleton stallion barn. He commands a \$100,000 stud fee, and the performance at the track of his first three crops invites favorable comparison with his own sire, the legendary Adios.

Less uniformly successful are Van Lennep's various racetrack holdings, most of which are subsidiaries of Castleton Industries, a Florida-based multi-conglomerate of which Van Lennep is president, board chairman and 40% stockholder. Related to the Kentucky breeding farm in name only, Castleton Industries has lost nothing but money since 1968, its shares declining on the American Stock Exchange from a high of \$17 to around \$2 today. The problem lies partly with a couple of disastrous man-

ufacturing operations and partly with Pompano Park, that cheerfully troubled harness track between Miami and Palm Beach on Florida's condominium-lined east coast.

Pompano, decorated in shades of what its publicists call "Pompano pink," opened in 1964 after a struggle with the state legislature that lasted 10 years. The \$15 million track soon won acceptance as the wintertime headquarters of Billy Houghton, Stanley Dancer and other leading trainers, who found southern Florida perfect for getting behind jogging carts in the morning and golf carts after lunch. As a pari-mutuel proposition, however, color the place Pompano red—for the ink in the ledgers. Van Lennep's efforts to make a go of Pompano have prompted suggestions that the track is too ambitious, that its commodious grandstand and its grand clubhouse lavishly hung with Currier & Ives prints actually might scare serious horseplayers away.

Considering the matter in his office there not long ago Van Lennep said, "Maybe we are ahead of our time. But the sport can always use a little glamour." It seemed consistent with this call for glamour that while most of his Pompano aides had reported for work this sunshiny Florida day in the most casual of sports clothes, Van Lennep was, as always, dressed to the hilt—down to the monogrammed handkerchief that blossomed from his breast pocket as splendidly as the palm fronds outside the window.

But an air of formality surrounds Van Lennep nearly everywhere. At Castleton's racing stables at Pompano, parking spaces for the three trainers bear signs reading GLEN GARNSEY, DICK BAKER and RUSK WHITE. The owner's space reads MR. VAN LENNEP. "I wouldn't call him Fred for all the world—he's just not Fred," explains Garnsey, the head trainer.

What inspires some to call him Mister tempts others to charge that Van Lennep is cold or distant. As times the whole man seems withdrawn. "One minute Fred can pass you without a word," says Bill Van Buren, longtime treasurer at Castleton Farm and Wolverline. "The next minute he'll come up and put his arm around you. Sometimes strangers think he's moody or aloof, but usually he's just concentrating."

Others tell of personal kindnesses per-

continued

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A photograph of three young people sitting at a bar. In the center, a young man with short brown hair looks directly at the camera. To his left, a young woman with long blonde hair is seen in profile, holding a glass. To his right, another young man with dark hair is partially visible, also holding a glass. In the foreground, a bottle of Amaretto liqueur stands on the bar counter. The background is slightly blurred, showing a typical bar setting.

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formed by Van Lennep. Associates complain that he is too quick to loan money and too slow to fire errant employees. He truly dislikes giving offense to anyone. Recently he took a long-distance call in his Pompano office from a horseman interested in breeding a mare to Bret Hanover.

"Well, he's got a pretty full book at the moment," Van Lennep began, a little uncomfortably. He talked to the man a while more without settling the matter but without giving in to him, either. Eventually, he hung up with a sigh. "How do you tell someone his mare just isn't good enough for your stallion?" he asked.

"I know some people say I'm a stuffed shirt," Van Lennep says. "I suppose I ought to relax more." But he also knows that a seigneurial manner can be of diplomatic value in high-level racetrack politics. "Fred's careful to be as good a Democrat as he is a Republican," one friend says. It is no accident that Van Lennep enjoys the lasting goodwill of governors wherever he does business. But he also knows how to operate with lesser officials, such as J.W. (Bill) Stevens, a Broward County commissioner whom he phoned recently to ask about the construction of a highway near Pompano Park. Stevens obligingly showed up at Pompano with maps, which the two men spread on the floor of Van Lennep's office and studied together on their hands and knees. Stevens, an ex-baker who calls himself "just an ol' country boy," recalls the scene with elation. "Can you picture us on the floor like that? He's really a regular guy." Of course, it was Stevens who went to Van Lennep's office, not the other way around. Also, while the racetrack owner addressed the 55-year-old Stevens as "Bill," he was always "Mr. Van Lennep" in return.

Fred Van Lennep's upbringing scarcely prepared him to take any ol' country boy pot himself. His Dutch-born father emigrated to the U.S. as a youngster, becoming in time a successful Philadelphia surgeon. Fred remembers that Dr. Gustave Van Lennep "made us dress for dinner and kept us out of trouble." As a teen-ager on the Main Line, Fred played tennis at the Merion Cricket Club and became interested in horses. He graduated from Princeton in 1933 and joined the Philadelphia advertising agency of N.W. Ayer, but not before marrying Celeste McNeil, the daughter

of a prominent Philadelphia lawyer.

Celeste was a standout on the horse-show circuit, where she and her husband soon became friends with another skilled horsewoman, Frances Dodge. They attended Miss Dodge's 1938 wedding to James B. Johnson Jr., a polo-playing cavalryman from New Jersey. The splendid affair was held in her family's Meadowbrook Hall, a 100-room mansion outside Detroit so capacious that later, when Frances turned 25, it was possible to sneak 180 friends plus Tommy Dorsey's entire band inside for a surprise party without the guest of honor, who was off in another wing, suspecting a thing. Fred Van Lennep was an usher at the wedding.

Frances Dodge Johnson became seriously interested in standardbreds, and at the Lexington Trots in 1940 somebody dared her to try her equine skills on the celebrated trotter Greyhound—under saddle, not behind a sulky. As most of the big names of harness racing looked on, she rode the gelding to a 2:01 1/2 mile, a world record for trotting under saddle that still stands.

Some people call the record a gimmick, ignoring the fact that trotting under saddle, uncommon nowadays in the U.S., is a regular feature of European racing. One witness to Frances' ride who knows better is Owner-Driver Del Miller. "It was one of the greatest performances of horsemanship I've ever seen," he says. "The trick was to keep Greyhound on stride. I doubt if he'd ever had a saddle on before. Frances had to post all the way around." Frances soon hired Greyhound's trainer, Sep Pallen, and began campaigning a string of trotters and pacers. Then in 1945 she bought Castleton, a romantic but rundown farm, moved Dodge Stables from Detroit to Kentucky and began breeding a few standardbreds.

Fred Van Lennep, meanwhile, had taken a job selling advertising space for *New Week* in Philadelphia, only to have his career interrupted by World War II. He was a gunnery officer in the Navy, a specialty that upon his discharge in 1946 led him into the manufacturing of components for radarscopes. But his own sights had been set on Frances Dodge Johnson. After respective divorces—each had one child—the couple was married in early 1949 in a small ceremony in the drawing room of Castleton's antebellum manor house.

continued

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VAN LENNEP continued

Forgetting about radar, Van Lennep began building up Castleton, reasoning that "it didn't make sense just raising a few horses on a property so big." Frances lent a keen eye to the acquisition of breeding stock, but otherwise seemed content to have Fred run things. Friends remember her today not as one woman but two: warm, generous and quick to laugh, yet painfully shy around strangers. She traveled a lot, but disliked flying, preferring instead her \$125,000 custom-built bus equipped with phone and shower.

Van Lennep's decision to expand Castleton coincided with harness racing's postwar boom. When the chance came in the early '50s to take over the new Wolverine night meeting in the Detroit suburb of Livonia, he seized it both as a way of generating capital for the farm and for philosophical reasons. "Horsemen are always criticizing racetracks," he says. "I feel we should take part in track operation, too. That's the only way tracks will be run for the benefit of horsemen instead of as sheer promotion."

But the breeder in Van Lennep often prevails over the racetrack operator. Reflecting the preference of horsemen for longer tracks that provide more room to maneuver, the courses run by Van Lennep are all at least 5 8ths of a mile. He tore out Wolverine's half-mile oval and now operates the harness meeting on the mile-long thoroughbred course. (Accepted wisdom has it that horseplayers favor the twice-around action of shorter tracks.) And it was Van Lennep the horseman who was offended on arriving at Wolverine one night last year to learn that a trotting race for 2-year-old fillies had just been staged before empty stands at dusk as a non-betting affair.

Confronting his Wolverine aides, Van Lennep said, "Don't do that again. People who buy young horses deserve to race them under proper conditions."

"But nobody's going to bet on 2-year-old fillies," he was told.

"Take the longer view. Don't just think of the pari-mutuel handle."

Similar vision was involved in the creation of Pompano Park, Florida already had a winter training center, but it was a municipally owned facility in Orlando with no pari-mutuel track. "We knew trainers would also like to race a few horses," Van Lennep says. "Besides, there wasn't much to do in Orlando."

Scouring southern Florida for suitable locations in a private plane, he noticed, as in a mirage, the weed-covered outline of a track west of Pompano Beach that had been built for a gypsy flats meeting in 1926. He bought the abandoned facility as the site of a new training center and harness raceway.

It might have made greater sense to locate an hour farther south in Miami, where bettors abound, but Van Lennep hoped that by selecting what was practically virgin territory he would avoid a head-on fight with Florida's politically powerful thoroughbred and dog tracks. He didn't. They fought him hoof and fang just the same. After failing in the Florida legislature three times between 1955 and 1959, Van Lennep's well-organized forces finally got their desired bill passed in 1961—only to run into a governor's veto. They overrode the veto, and withstood the expected opposition from the pulpit to win easily a required referendum in Broward County. Then, with victory seemingly at hand, the Florida Supreme Court ruled the bill unconstitutional.

"Maybe it's the stubborn Dutch in me, but that just made me try harder," Van Lennep says. When he finally coaxed through a constitutionally acceptable measure in 1963, even his closest friends dared not ask Van Lennep what his successful crusade had cost in T-bone steaks for famished state senators. There now arose the matter of actually building and operating the track. The night Pompano Park opened in February 1964 the temporary clubhouse roof leaked. It rained for three straight days. Indeed, it has been raining on Pompano, figuratively speaking, ever since.

With Pompano's annual losses running to \$1 million or more, Van Lennep bought the flourishing Hollywood Dog Track in nearby Hallandale as a source of income to offset the drain. His involvement with the accused dogs embarrasses him among his fellow horsemen, and it was amusing last December to watch Frederick Van Lennep, in his capacity as harness-track owner, fight to defeat a proposed dog-racing bill in Michigan. In Florida, he sheepishly admitted, "The shoe is on the other foot up there."

Besides the dogs, Pompano Park faces competition from Miami's night life, thoroughbreds, jai alai and, as if the rabbit-chasing variety were not enough,

continued

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Greyhounds that depart daily for Disney World. Large numbers of jobbers offer Van Lennep advice on how to flush customers for Pompano out of the Miami Beach hotels, suggestions that tax Van Lennep's considerable patience. "We've tried everything," he says. "Club parties, convention groups, TV advertising—everything. But the people lying on the beach won't even turn over."

But some detractors mist Van Lennep finds the effort to reach hardened horseplayers somehow beneath his dignity. "He's trying to cater to the fancy Palm Beach trade, but that's not the people who make a racetrack," one critic says. With all the sniping, however, nobody questions the man's basic dedication to harness racing, not even Don MacFarlane, who became boss of Detroit's Hazel Park with help from Van Lennep, but later fell out with him. "Freddie's only real problem is that he surrounds himself with yes-men who flatter his great vanity," MacFarlane says. Indisputably, Van Lennep surrounds himself with relatives, including Hector, his son by his first marriage, who manages Pompano Park. Certainly one in-family choice has been excellent: Dick Wilson, the racing director of Castleton Industries, is a respected track administrator who also happens to be the late Frances Dodge Van Lennep's half brother.

As for Frances, she brought to the racetrack operation the refreshing perspective of a \$2 bettor with such a weakness for Indian names that she never failed to buy a ticket on every Cherokee Sal or Apache Lady that went to the post. It was in a spirit of high adventure that Frances wore a pants suit for the first time the evening of Jan. 22, 1971, when she and Fred celebrated their 22nd anniversary at Pompano. The next morning, two months past her 56th birthday, she was drinking tea in her pink-shuttered oceanfront home up the coast in Delray Beach when she was fatally stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage.

Carrying on the projects that he and Frances had begun together, Fred Van Lennep talks now of "getting everything hitting on all cylinders." Meanwhile, one can perhaps forgive his enthusiasm in reporting that Pompano has finally started making money. While the track may be meeting its day-to-day costs, its average nightly handle is still barely \$225,000, not enough to carry its large debt

continued

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...has a better idea
(we listen better)

service. As at other tracks, the one sure answer is increased land use. One hopeful development was a 60-day quarter-horse meeting introduced at Pompano last year. Van Lennep could also reap a windfall by selling off peripheral chunks of Pompano Park's increasingly valuable 350 acres.

Meanwhile, he is streamlining in other ways. He has been reining in Castleton Industries, disposing of a number of unprofitable non-racing subsidiaries acquired along the way, including a coffee-processing plant in Pennsylvania and one manufacturing terry-cloth towels in North Carolina. Of Castleton Industries, Van Lennep now says, "We're going to concentrate on horses and leisure time. That's what I know best."

He is also concentrating on his avowed goal of relaxing more, in which effort his marriage in June 1971 to Mary Hazen Sprow, an ebullient Ohio widow, has assuredly helped. With encouragement from Rukki, 22, and Johnny, 20, Van Lennep's two children by his mar-

riage with Frances Dodge, Mary has steered him toward wider lapels and bolder colors. It was at her urging, too, that the couple joined Lexington's exclusive Iroquois Hunt Club, whose members ride to hounds promptly at 1:30 p.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays and otherwise pass their time at such affairs as the black-tie dinner the Van Lenneps hosted there during the holidays.

The 50 or so guests were mostly thoroughbred people. Before sitting down to beef tenderloin and champagne, they gathered for cocktails beneath the beamed ceiling of the Iroquois clubhouse, a 170-year-old converted flour mill set among the sycamores by the waters of Boone Creek. "This is just a chance to have some food and good conversation," Van Lennep said, setting the tone for a social affair that turned out far more agreeably than the party Pansy Yount threw for the thoroughbred crowd so long ago.

But perhaps too much is made of the thoroughbred aristocracy. In 19th cen-

tury rural America, after all, it was harness racing that was the gentleman's sport. If the same sport is thought of today as a folksy down-home affair, it is partly because its promoters have found this an effective way to build for it a solidly middle-America appeal. Still, Frederick Van Lennep has brought a certain class to harness racing, an achievement underscored by a guest at his party, a thoroughbred owner's wife who talked about her host as she warmed herself near the Iroquois fireplace.

"Freddie's one of my favorite people," she said, helping herself to a hot hers d'oeuvre from a platter proffered by a white-jacketed waiter. "That's quite a compliment, too, because I don't like harness racing at all." She glanced across the room where Fred Van Lennep was dispensing glad-you-could-make-it-to latecomers, his hair as glossy as the coat of a \$100,000 yearling. The woman lowered her voice. "He's really the only person in harness racing I even know." **END**

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Baseball 1973

The men who own the game are hurting their sport—usually for the simplest of reasons, contends the noted columnist for the New York 'Daily News.' They don't know what it is they're selling

it's religion, baby— not show biz

by DICK YOUNG

The real-estate man sells land and knows it. The grocer realizes he sells food. The girl who walks up and down Eighth Avenue in hot pants and high-laced boots knows precisely what she is selling. But the Lords of Baseball, they haven't the foggiest. It is this, their failure to perceive their product, that causes baseball its biggest problems.

"We're in the entertainment business," they say repeatedly, reaching for their designated hitter. Most of them think this way, if they think about it at all, and they are so wrong. Baseball is not entertainment. Baseball is a religion.

Compared to the baseball fan, a Jesus freak is an atheist. The fan believes in his team with a faith that is absolute—and blind. It is an involvement that seizes you in your unthinking childhood and addicts you to death, defying all reason.

Example: a pitcher beats your team. You hate his guts. The following season he is traded—to your team. You love him. Faith, yours, has converted him from devil to angel.

The most famous miracle of baseball conversion occurred many years ago. Leo Durocher was the manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers. He was very famous and very loved in Brooklyn. And very hated elsewhere, especially where dwelled fans of the New York Giants.

One day Durocher took off his Brooklyn uniform, drove across The Bridge and became manager of the Giants, an act of treason that would call for death in time of war. Suddenly Giant fans loved him, defied his genius. Brooklyn fans, just as suddenly, decided he had always been an over-rated bum.

Blind loyalty—complete believing—is the anguish of being a fan, and the joy. If a club owner could understand this simple truism, his dilemma would vanish. He would

not be carried away with the modern rage to speed up the game.

"Baseball is too slow," somebody once said. "Baseball is dull" (I think it was Howard Cosell, shortly after ABC-TV became disassociated with baseball.) Whoever said it was not in a ball park. Viewed in a ball park, baseball is not slow. In a ball park baseball is exciting, exasperating, furious, infuriating. In a ball park you scream your head off, and it is wonderful. Only an idiot would scream at his television set.

That is the major difference between football and baseball. Football is a television sport. Baseball is a ball-park sport. No attempt will be made here to argue the relative merits of baseball and football, or to choose between one and the other as Numero Uno. That can be left to Lou Harris and the other pollsters.

My casual comparison of baseball to football is one of apples and oranges, accepting the obvious; that there is a time and place for both and one need not claim to surpass the other. Apples are better eaten. Oranges are better juiced. Football is seen better on television. Baseball is seen better in the ball park.

Once you understand this, it is a simple matter to sense the appropriate pace of baseball. You can understand what the club owner obviously does not—the nature of the product he sells and the needs of the customer.

First, the customer.

Every fan thinks he knows more inside baseball than Casey Stengel, and certainly more than Dick Williams. The baseball fan, since the day he saw the second ball game of his life, is sure of this, sure that he is the supreme mavin, fully licensed to second-guess any manager living and a few dead. This is the ailure of baseball. No football fan would dare question Don Shula.

And so, when Walt Alston walks to the mound, takes the ball from Don Sutton and waves for Pete Richert in the bullpen, the guy seated in row 12 of the left-field bleachers turns to the guy behind him and sneers, "What's he bringing in that bum for?"

Now there is action. There is the sublime moment baseball turns from a spectator sport to a participant sport. The unknowing call this dead time, it is in truth a time of delight.

"Boooo! You're a manager, Alston? A Thom McAn shoe store you should be managing!"

Until a few years ago, this exciting interlude lasted long enough for the grandstand manager to let off steam against the impostor empowered to make such a lousy decision.

Then the Lords of Baseball, in their sublime wisdom, decided to speed up the game. Instead of the relief pitcher striding in majestically from the bullpen, warmup jacket slung haughtily over his shoulder, he would be driven in. This, someone figured out, would cut in half the dead time spent changing pitchers.

What was cut in half was the fun the rabid fan had yowling at the obviously insane manager. I believe I read someplace that the mechanization of big-league bullpens has saved an average of $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes a game. I have not read what the average fan is doing with those $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

See what I mean about club owners not knowing what they are selling? They do not even know the size and weight of their product. Who is to say that a baseball game is too long before it is played? What is the ideal ball game? Under two hours? Two hours and a half? Three hours?

Obviously, it isn't the length, it's the content. A dull game taking an hour and 10 minutes is too long. An exciting game can go three hours and leave the fans screaming for more. If the fan is in such a terrible rush to get out of the ball park, why do doubleheaders draw more people than single games? Invariably, the question goes unanswered.

Most criticism of baseball's alleged drugginess originates with Madison Avenue types, men who equate all living things in terms of television time-tables. They will not be happy with baseball until, like football, it is played by the clock, not by innings. Their ultimate aim is to make a ball game a one-hour TV show. World Series games will be 90-minute spectacles.

The regrettable part is that these Madison Avenue types seem to have a pipeline to the Lords of Baseball. It is their nagging voices that are heard, not the rousing, rooting voices of the regular fans. The regular fan does not go to cocktail parties with the owners.

Mixed by such advice, the club owner is convinced he is selling entertainment, that baseball is show biz. It is nothing of the sort. To appreciate a ball game, you must have a rooting interest. This does not pertain to pure forms of entertainment. The audience does not root for Helen Hayes or Paul Newman, although I must say I have heard a few isolated cheers for Raquel Welch.

If the club owner tries to sell his product as entertainment he will go broke. There is little about baseball that is entertaining. To prove this, take a man who knows nothing of the game, sit him down in the best seat in the park and, if he does not fall asleep first, he will get up and walk out.

Take the same man, sit him down front in a Broadway theater or movie house, and chances are he will be enthralled. That's entertainment.

On the other hand, a theatergoer is not likely to shoot another theatergoer during an argument about the merits of

the Act Two curtain. Some years back a Dodger and a Giant fan became embroiled in a baseball discussion at a neighborhood bar. The Dodger fan said he would be right back, went home for his gun and returned to win the debate decisively.

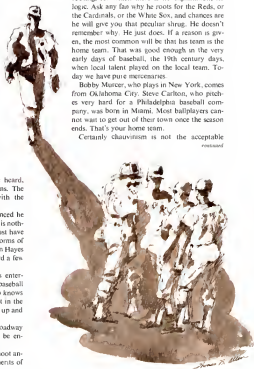
It may be argued that these things happened in Brooklyn, where baseball mania peaked, and that such emotions no longer can be found in today's sophisticated fan. Sophisticated what? Upon the triumph of the Pirates over Baltimore in the 1971 World Series, there were news stories of celebrants overturning cars, setting bonfires and ripping apart phone booths in the downtown area. You call that sophisticated?

Neither was it entertainment. It was mad, uncontrolled rooting, for which there is no explanation, no logic. Ask any fan why he roots for the Reds, or the Cardinals, or the White Sox, and chances are he will give you that peculiar shrug. He doesn't remember why. He just does. If a reason is given, the most common will be that his team is the home team. That was good enough in the very early days of baseball, the 19th century days, when local talent played on the local team. Today we have pure mercenaries.

Bobby Murcer, who plays in New York, comes from Oklahoma City. Steve Carlton, who pitches very hard for a Philadelphia baseball company, was born in Miami. Most ballplayers cannot wait to get out of their town once the season ends. That's your home team.

Certainly chauvinism is not the acceptable

continued



answer to baseball allegiance by the common, garden-variety fan. Something happened to all of us, way back when . . . back in the days of childhood awareness. Some slight thing attracted us to a certain player on a certain team, some little thing that is long since gone, along with the player, but it matters not. It became *our* team that hazy, long-ago day, and over the years it has remained *our* team.

Ask yourself why. Can you remember what it was? Probably not. No matter. It is too late to change, and so you root, blindly, emotionally. It remains your team

forever—unless something terrible happens to turn you off.

I know a New Yorker who began rooting for the Braves in Boston because of Warren Spahn. Then he rooted for the Braves in Milwaukee, and now for the Braves in Atlanta—while Warren Spahn teaches pitching in Cleveland.

That is what the club owners are selling. The day they concentrate their merchandising appeal on this intangible product, this faith, is the day they will understand what they are selling. Until then, we will have to settle for designated hitters, bullpen carts and shapely little blondes dusting off the bases in Baltimore.

and with the ritual, some action, too



When baseball's believers gather for services they are in a sense assembled on the slope of a volcano. For a time it is very, very peaceful, and then suddenly it is very, very hot. No sporting religion would long be popular if it consisted only of ritual commands ("Stick it in his ear," "Hit it odda here" and the like) and the stylized choreography of the pitcher-batter tableau. The seats would be empty if every batted ball went over the fence or into the glove of a perfectly positioned fielder. But happily, sooner or later the game erupts in urgent activity: acrobatic leaps and slides, sizzling throws, breakneck base running, nose-to-nose umpire castigating. The following pages offer a sampler of this eruptive side. To your right, Boston's Doug Griffin goes up for an off-target throw, and he won't be down in time to prevent Oakland's Bert Campaneris from stealing second. Turn the page for views of Cincinnati's Joe Morgan and Pittsburgh's Dave Cash giving their all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB SCHARFMAN



375







A camouflaging cloud of dust envelops a mystery runner sliding beneath San Diego's Pat Corrales, and voices rise



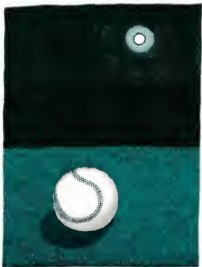
in classic managerial choler from (left to right) Gene Mauch, Earl Weaver, Billy Martin, Yogi Berra and Bill Virdon.



With rare compassion, baseball moved not a single franchise between seasons, and though Leo Durocher's lips have not yet been beaten into plowshares one may anticipate a summer of labor peace. But many trades have been made and the designated-hitter rule brings a fundamental change to the American League. In the following pages the personnel and prospects of all 24 teams are analyzed. William Leggett, aided by Jim Kaplan, surveys the East in both leagues. Ron Fimrite, with Bill White, probes the West. The American League reports begin on the next page, the National League on page 70.

scouting reports

Digging out toward first base, the Yankees' Bobby Murcer fights for balance. Below, the Cuba's Rick Monday takes exception to a tag at the plate by Pat Corrales—and fights.



catching the A's has 'em thinking



american league west

Fairly bubbling with intellectual ferment, the managers in this precinct are not content with merely flashing bunt signs or bolstering wounded psyches with paternal pats on the behind. No, here they speak of "optometrytherapy" and "elastic resistance tests." And in their midst is a college-trained radical who entertains the quaint notion that the game actually can be played faster.

Baseball games are not won by scholars, of course, it is axiomatic that no matter how smart you are, you still gotta have the horses. But there are herds of horses out West. The reigning world champion Oakland A's are pawing and snorting, and numerous handicappers suggest they will win the big race once again. But out Chicago way people have been doing some powerful thinking, too—about power.

The long ball should come often in Chicago, where the White Sox have upgraded an offense that was already first-class. The league's 1971 home-run leader,

Bill Melton, is back to join the 1972 home-run leader, Dick (5675.000) Allen. And on either side of them in the batting order Manager Chuck Tanner can call on Carlos May, who hit 308 last year, and Ken Henderson, who spent the last eight years with San Francisco. Henderson had 18 home runs for the Giants in what was considered to be an off-season for him. Also an outstanding defensive player, Henderson will start in center. With all these hitters surrounding him, Allen should not be walked as often as he was last year, and that could mean even more home runs.

So hitting is no problem in Chicago, but pitching could be. To get Henderson, the White Sox sent Tom Bradley, a 15-game winner in '72, to the Giants. In return they also received Steve Stone, a righthander with a major league curveball and dime-store statistics. But Stone, who won a total of 11 games the past two seasons, figures to be Tanner's third starter behind the busy knuckleballer, Wilbur Wood, and Stan Bahnsen, a starter who has trouble finishing (41 attempts, five complete games) and loses almost as often as he wins. He was 21-16 in 1972. But for all of their pitching patchwork, the White Sox should be the A's most tenacious pursuers.

Set your sights next on Kansas City, where things are looking up. The Royals will finally move into their new \$35 million ball park after a year's wait. There they will find shorter fences (330 feet in both left and right) and the only playing surface in the American League that is, save for the mound, home plate and the sliding area, completely artificial. Not even the Royals can say whether the new surface will be the making of them or simply a nuisance.

"It could cause some problems," says Shortstop Fred Patek, who at 5' 4" has enough problems already. "You may get used to it and have to slow yourself down on the other fields. It's usually tougher to slow your body down than to speed it up."

The Royals tend to talk that way, for the body is the object of much experimentation in Kansas City. Pitcher Wayne Simpson, who comes to the Royals from Cincinnati, is undergoing the so-called elastic resistance tests under the supervision of his personal "doctor of physical medicine." Elastic resistance turns out to be a form of isometric exercise.

The Royals have also employed former University of Kansas Miler Was Santee to teach them how to run and a couple of California eye men, Bill Lee and Bill Harrison, to teach them how to see. These "optometrytherapists" hope to train Royal hitters to quickly identify such dimly perceived objects as curves and sliders. What K.C. really needs is someone to teach the pitchers how to throw those things. Such sturdy batmen as John Mayberry (100 RBIs, 298) and Lou Piniella (72 RBIs, 312) are not exactly blind. But when pitchers like Dick Drago (12-17) and Paul Splittorf (12-12) are the stars of your staff, you could use a fling therapist.

In any case, new Manager Jack McKeon, a stubby ex-catcher with a degree in physical education from Elon College in North Carolina, has introduced science to

the Royal training camp, McKeon is a firm believer in the learning process. "We spent more time this spring on fundamentals," he said. "It was like a classroom: repeating each problem and situation, like giving a kid long division in school. We want our club to be the most mentally prepared in the league." Prepared for third place. At least.

Bobby Winkles, the equally new manager of the California Angels, is another diamond academian. He was the baseball coach for 13 years at Arizona State University before joining the Angels a year ago as a coach under the manager he replaced, Del Rice. Now he is getting the chance to apply his college techniques to the professional game, and like McKeon he is big on basics. "The idea that a big-leaguer no longer needs training in fundamentals could not be farther from the truth," says Winkles. "We have kids up here who have played only a year in the minors. That's why we have 45 minutes of basics every day."

Winkles, in his naivete, also sees no reason why the game cannot be played faster. He has ordered his players to "run hard" to and from their positions, Arizona State style. This includes pitchers. "Sometimes our pitchers are ready to throw to a hitter before the other team has even left the field," he says happily.

Among Winkles' bustlers is 37-year-old Frank Robinson, who will join his former Cincinnati teammate and McClymonds High School of Oakland chum, Vada Pinson, in the Angel outfield. Robinson suffered the season's most humiliating injury to date—fracturing a toe while climbing out of the press box—but by the end of training he was running well again. Robinson will not be content to be just another designated hitter. "He enjoys the game more if he plays both offense and defense," says Winkles. Robinson came to the Angels along with Pitchers Bill Singer and Mike Strahler and Infielders Bobby Valentine and Bill Grabarkewitz in the trade with the Dodgers for Andy Messersmith and Ken McMullen. Winkles hopes Valentine, who has "a go-go charm," will be a "motivating force" at shortstop. Grabarkewitz, who has had a shoulder problem, could play either third or second. Singer will join Clyde Wright, Rudy May and the major league strike-out king, Nolan Ryan, on a pitching staff that is second only to Oakland's.

Minnesota, third in the league last year in earned run average, also has fine pitching with Jim Kaat, Bert Blyleven and newcomer Bill Hands. Kaat needs only 21 more wins to reach 200 and Blyleven, who will turn 22 on Opening Day, was 17-17 a year ago. Elsewhere the Twins face double trouble. Among other things, their 26-year-old shortstop, Danny Thompson, a fine fielder and a .276 hitter a year ago, has an unusual ailment, granulocytic leukemia, but he expects to play.

"Some people live into their 90s with it," Thompson says. "I'm not receiving treatments now. The doctors told me that they are close to developing a vaccine for it which would be similar to the polio vaccine. I'm sure they'll have one by the time this starts affecting me, if it ever does." Though they are short-handed at many spots, the Twins do have two well-

known potential DH figures in sore-legged Tony Olive and aging (36) Harmon Killebrew.

The Texas Rangers have a more noteworthy sore-but-super-sometimes candidate in Rico Carty. One trouble is that Carty wants to play regularly in the outfield, a role that has to date defeated him. But with the Rangers Carty and his .317 lifetime batting average might not look all that bad, for with the exceptions of Carty, First Baseman Mike Epstein, Outfielder Alex Johnson and All-Star Shortstop Toby Harrah, they are, regrettably, a team of nonentities. When you are that bad no amount of deepthink is going to help.

Especially if you are bumping brains with Oakland Manager Dick Williams, a savant who spent much of last year preaching the virtues of mental alertness and who, in practicing what he preached, shattered all major league records for conferences on the mound.

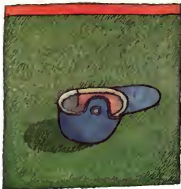
Forty-seven men played for the A's in 1972, and Williams found something for all of them to do—especially play second base. Eleven A's, not all of them infielders, manned that position. Williams even had Gene Tenace, then a catcher and now a first baseman-catcher, on second for a time. But for all of his cerebral high jinks, Williams knows enough not to tamper too much with a winner, and that is what the A's appear to be.

Consider their pitching. For starters, Williams anticipates having 21-game winner Jim (Catfish) Hunter, 19-game winner Ken Holtzman, 15-game winner John (Blue Moon) Odom and onetime 24-game winner Vida Blue, who slumped to a 6-10 record after his protracted contract hassle with Owner Charles O. Finley resulted in a disastrously late start. This spring Blue and Finley sparred again. In the bullpen the A's are even better than they were last year—and they were last year's best. Now they have veterans Paul Lindblad and Horacio Pina, both acquired from the Texas Rangers, to go with World Series hero Rollie Fingers and Darold Knowles. It is a dream pitching staff—two right-handed starters (Hunter and Odom), two left-handed starters (Holtzman and Blue), two right-handed relievers (Fingers and Pina) and two left-handed relievers (Knowles and Lindblad). To catch them the A's recently acquired Ray Fosse in a trade with Cleveland, giving up Dave Duncan.

Elsewhere in the lineup there are some niggling problems. Despite his World Series achievements, Tenace is unproved both as a first baseman and as a hitter, and the A's still have not found a centerfielder. They could be looking for one among Billy Conigliaro, Angel Mangual and Bill North well into the season. And premier slugger Reggie Jackson has pimpy legs. He hurt the left one in the final playoff game with Detroit, then developed tendinitis in the right one while favoring the left. Even hobbled, Jackson should prove a formidable threat as a designated hitter, a game Williams should enjoy. Already he is saying that any of his players may turn up as DH as long as he is someone who can get the bat on the ball. And his mind on a pennant.

CONTINUED

they've got the pace right here



american league east

Here they come again—Detroit, Boston, Baltimore and New York—promising another merry brawl for the division title. Detroit won in 1972 on the next to last day of the season. Can the Tigers repeat? Why not? They play excellent defense and have as much experience as any team in the majors. But is there not a formula: experience—aga? Or Boston, dear Boston. The Sox would surely win if they decide that April, May and June are on the schedule, just like July, August and September. Baltimore's Orioles, the former unbeatable, refused to hit in April, May, June, July, August and September. That isn't reasonable. Can the Birds come back? Absolutely. And the Yankees, the Sultans of Swap, isn't their candidacy worth more than a bawdy joke? You bet.

Every Middlesex village and farm has the word: the Red Sox are coming. You say the same alarm re-sounds every year? Well, Carl Yastrzemski is attacking the ball once more, causing legitimate visions of 1967 to dance in New England heads. Catcher Carlton Fisk is behaving like a leader, and the double-play combination of Doug Griffin and Luis Aparicio seems healthy again. What is more, Manager Eddie Kasko now has a two-year contract and thus a firmer hand.

Boston squandered its chances for the East title in

'72 because it did not climb above .500 until July 12. Once the team straightened away it played very well and finished the year only half a game behind the consistent Tigers. This margin was especially painful because the Sox lost one more playing date to the strike than the Tigers did.

Boston's front-line pitching improved dramatically once Luis Tiant (15-8 and a 1.91 ERA) commenced doing his exotic piroettes and Marty Faltin (2-8 on June 20 and then 15-4 as a starter thereafter) began to get some breaks. Those two are sound again, but the rest of the pitching order will have to be worked out in the early weeks of the season. Sonny Siebert looked sharp in the spring, and the young arms of John Curtis, Lynn McGlothen and Mike Garman were alive. When they falter, solid relievers like Bob Veale and Bill Lee are available. The Red Sox' designated hitters will be Orlando Cepeda (right-handed) and "Gentle Ben" Ogilvie (left-handed). Cepeda's knees are a source of concern again; he is having trouble gaining confidence in them. But confidence otherwise abounds in Boston.

In Detroit, Manager Billy Martin has a staunch faith in the league's oldest knees—and so do the fans. The Tigers, who had the second-largest attendance in the majors last season (1,890,000), never fell more than 2½ games out of first. "We won even though we didn't hit much," says Al Kalina with perfect truth, since the Tigers were eighth in the league in team batting at .237. "This season we should hit more than that, everybody is not going to have a bad year again. We now have Frank Howard for the entire season, and the designated-hitter rule is going to help us. Remember, too, that we didn't get Woody Fryman until late in the year and he did a heck of a job for us."

Indeed he did. Fryman moved over to the Tigers from Philadelphia on Aug. 2 and won 10 games while losing only three. With the resilient Mickey Lolich (47 victories and 703 innings of work during the last two seasons) and Joe Coleman (39 wins over the same period) the Tigers have three solid starters.

Although they opposed the DH movement, the Tigers would appear to profit from it more than any other American League team. Look at the possibilities: Gates Brown, Frank Howard, Norm Cash, Jim Northrup, Bill Freehan, Duke Sims, Willis Horton. So it looks like an improved offense to go with a steady defense. The left side of the infield is particularly strong with Aurelio Rodriguez at third and Ed Brinkman at shortstop. In the outfield Kaline, Mickey Stanley and Northrup are as sure-handed as any three-some in the league.

Faith in the virtues was sadly shaken in Baltimore last year when Oriole bats fell as silent as a Chesapeake mist. Thanks to an excellent defense and superior pitching (a 2.53 team ERA) the Orioles hung on in the race until the very end, but it was a wonder, for the team batting average plunged to .229, a full 10 points lower than the league average. Now a winning Oriole season depends primarily upon the success of a winter deal with Atlanta.

Baltimore gave Atlanta four good players for Catcher Earl Williams, plus a minor-leaguer. Williams was that desirable because he could hit home runs and collect RBIs (61 HRs and 174 RBIs in 1971-72). After last season the Oriole management drew up a list of players it thought could help the team score more—Billy Williams, Jimmy Wynn, Greg Luzinski and Nate Colbert were also included—and a familiar Baltimore pattern emerged. Just as they did in the cases of Frank Robinson and 20-game winners Mike Cuellar and Pat Dobson in the past, the Orioles went to the National League for assistance. Dobson was one of the players sent to Atlanta, as were Second Baseman Dave Johnson, Catcher Johnny Oates and a promising young pitcher, Ronc Hanson. Many think the price was too high to pay for a catcher who at times does not seem to appreciate his job. Admits Williams: "You take a guy who's been catching two years—he can't be as good as someone who has been catching all his life. And by choice."

Moving Johnson out of the Oriole lineup puts Bobby Grich into it permanently at second. As a hard-working swing man in his first full season, the 24-year-old Grich was among Baltimore's top three players in eight offensive categories.

Manager Earl Weaver has lost 30 pounds and shaved his off-season mustache, but the biggest little Oriole shaver is a 20-pounds-lighter Boog Powell, the Bird who left tons of runners in scoring position in '72. Heretofore a slow starter, Powell hopes the weight loss will help get him moving quicker and lift his RBIs above his relatively anemic 81 of last year. Powell does not want to be the DH, but may be persuaded to yield first base if a swift, sure 6'4" rookie, Enos Cabell, fulfills his promise.

The prototype for a major league pitcher may well be Jim Palmer, winner of 77 games against only 33 losses during the past four seasons. His mates, the 35-year-old Mike Cuellar and Dave McNally, 30, are getting no younger, but at 22 Doyle Alexander is a fresh arm and potential fourth starter who could stay in a lot of games should the Orioles find their bat rack humming again. And when needed, there is always Baltimore's often forgotten bullpen, led by the anonymous but dependable Eddie Watt, whose ERA has been below 3.00 in five of the last six years.

Merv Rettenmund had put together two consecutive over-300 seasons before his 233 of 1972; a return to a higher zone is anticipated. Still, the Williams trade likely will make or break the Orioles. "You held Frank Robinson in awe for what he had already accomplished," says Centerfielder Paul Blair of the departed team leader. "You held Earl Williams in awe for what he might accomplish."

One of the earliest—and silliest—betting lines out of Nevada established the Yankees as 9-5 favorites to win in the East. That seemed suspect because New York's pitchers, while having a good overall ERA (3.05), struck out fewer batters than any other staff and seemed to be groping for a stopper. Steve Kline, in only his third full season in the rotation, could

emerge as the big man on a staff that includes Mel Stottlemyre and the much-discussed Fritz Peterson and Mike Kekich, the left-handed starters. The new Yankee ownership, and the club's working brass, will try to keep stiff upper lips, but bench jockeys are going to give Kekich and Peterson a rough ride. If General Manager Lee MacPhail and Manager Ralph Houk can keep the Yanks calm, they might have a chance.

MacPhail and Houk agreed in the off-season to trade tomorrow for today and go after a pennant in this, the 50th anniversary of Yankee Stadium, with the result that Graig Nettles and Matty Alou were picked up in trades with Cleveland and Oakland. They are notable additions to a lineup that was already handy with a bat. Still, the infield is hardly reminiscent of great Yankee teams of the past and the team's best performers of 1972—Bobby Murcer (102 runs, 33 homers, 292) and Reliever Sparky Lyle (35 saves, 56 games finished)—had difficult winters. Murcer broke his hand, Lyle tore a tendon in his ankle. But the Yankees should hit well enough to lead the league in that department—they were second to Kansas City in '72—and the DH rule will not hinder Houk's managing. It will not be necessary to draft Joe DiMaggio out of retirement. The Yankees have ready reserve bats in such men as Ron Swoboda and John Callison. "I'll probably pick our designated hitter according to the park we're playing in and the pitcher we're facing that day," says Houk.

When the Yankees traded their tomorrows, they gave most of the future to Cleveland, whose continual rebuilding never seems to get the walls up, much less a roof on. But the Indians—fifth last season, 14 games behind Detroit—could cause a ripple or two now. "On paper," says Phil Seghi, the Cleveland general manager, "you have to believe that Boston, Detroit, Baltimore and New York are the leading contenders, but we helped ourselves a great deal during the winter. The normal development of the players we have plus lightning striking any one guy could get us into contention. I'm not talking about our pitching, because it doesn't need lightning."

Cy Young winner Gaylord Perry, Dick Tidrow and Milt Wilcox won 55 games among them, and that was not easy on a team that scored the fewest runs this side of Arlington, Texas. Buddy Bell will replace Nettles at third and the hope is that former Yankees Charley Spikes (309 with 26 homers at West Haven) and Rusty Torres can shore up the outfield.

There are financial problems in Milwaukee and a new player named Money. The latter is not likely to solve the former. The Brewers barely reached 600,000 in home attendance last season. They had to scrape to put nine men on the field, now they must find a 10th. "We ain't got no hitters," says First Baseman George Scott. "How we gonna have designated hitters?" Good question. Milwaukee scored one run or none in nearly a third of its 1972 games. Don Money moves into County Stadium from Philadelphia and he is an excellent defensive player, but one who has yet to hit up to his potential. At least he has potential.

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tune it up and step on the gas



national league west

The competitors have been tinkering resolutely, replacing worn-out parts, overhauling tired motors, installing steel-belted radials, but the Big Red Machine still looks like the best-engineered vehicle on the road. One thing that stands between it and another victorious drive home is a history of unplanned obsolescence. The Reds have not been able to put two good models back to back since 1939-40. In 1970 they won, then fell to fourth in '71. They dare not look back now, for the traffic could be much heavier this trip.

The Reds are not lacking in motivation. They desperately want to vindicate themselves for the World Series loss to Oakland, a team they foolishly underestimated. "Last year all I wanted was to get into the Series," says Joe Morgan, who had a brilliant season at second base. "This year I want to beat Oakland. I'd really enjoy that." Now if the A's will only cooperate.

The Reds have all the working parts once again, although some are not functioning quite as efficiently.

Catcher Johnny Bench, who won his second Most Valuable Player award after hitting 40 home runs and driving in 125 runs, had a benign lesion removed from his lung in mid-December and may not be his usual sturdy self in the early going. "I'll catch as much as Sparky Anderson wants me to," he says, "but if he wants to put me at other positions once in a while to give me a little breather, that's fine, too."

Pitcher Gary Nolan won 15 games a year ago, but 13 of the wins were before the All-Star break. A muscle irritation in his right shoulder limited him to only six starts for the remainder of the season and he is not being included in the starting rotation. But in Roger Nelson, a right-hander who came to the Reds from Kansas City along with Outfielder Richie Scheinblum for Wayne Simpson and Outfielder Hal McRae, Anderson has some insurance. Nelson had an ERA of 2.08 with Kansas City and he won 11 games, although he did not make his first start until June 30. He should fit comfortably into the starting rotation, along with Jim McGlothlin, Jack Billingham, Don Gullett and Ross Grimes. They are ably supported by relievers Tom Hall, Clay Carroll and Pedro Borbon.

Scheinblum may have trouble breaking into an outfield now occupied by Pete Rose, Bobby Tolan and Cesar Geronimo, even though Richie was a .300 hitter last year in the American League, where there are not many All in all, the Reds look well prepared for another rewarding trip.

The Houston Astros should tailgate them along the way. They have moved Outfielder Bob Watson to catcher to make room in left for Tommy Agee, acquired from the Mets. Watson, who hit .312 last year, "Can turn this club around," says Manager Leo Durocher. "If he can catch, I can play Agee in left. This will give me a better defensive outfield with more speed and a better arm and it'll give me a powerful hitter [Agee] leading off." Agee should be happier in the Astrodome, too. He had complained of slippery wet grass at Shea Stadium. He won't have that excuse now.

The Astros have no shortage of hitters, with Cesar Cedeno (.320, 22 home runs, 82 RBIs) in center, Jimmy Wynn (.273, 24, 90) in right, Lee May (.284, 29, 98) on first and Doug Rader (.237, 22, 90) at third.

Durocher also plans to change from a five- to a four-man pitching rotation on the theory that more work will make better pitchers of Don Wilson, Larry Dierker, Jerry Reuses and, especially, Dave Roberts. Roberts pitched 78 fewer innings last year than he did in 1971 for San Diego and he apparently wasted away from disease, winning only 12 with the second-place Astros after winning 14 with the lamentable Padres. Roberts' old manager, Preston Gomez, is now a Houston coach, and it was he who advised Durocher that "You gotta pitch this fellow every four days and just keep pushing him."

Atlanta may be pushing the Astros and the Reds before the season is too far along. The Braves were the busiest tinkers of all in the off-season, negotiating blockbuster trades for the pitching help they have needed for so long. In addition to Pat Dobson and Roric Har-

continued

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nson from Baltimore, the Braves got Gary Gentry and Danny Frisella from the Mets and Jim Panther from the Texas Rangers and they exchanged Pat Jarvis for Carl Morton of Montreal.

All this wheeling and dealing should bring some improvement to the deplorable pitching statistics of last year, when the Braves had a group ERA of 4.27 and served up 155 home runs. Dobson, a onetime 20-game winner, is probably the key man, although Gentry, Morton or Harrison could also wind up in the starting rotation along with Phil Niekro (16-12) and Ron Reed (11-15). Ex-Oriole Dave Johnson, who squabbled with Manager Earl Weaver through much of last season and was, consequently, in and out of the lineup, could become the cement in a porous infield. He hit only 221 during the time of his travail, but Manager Eddie Mathews is convinced he is "the kind of ballplayer who can bounce back."

Henry Aaron is 39 years old and 42 home runs away from breaking Babe Ruth's career record. He thinks he can get there faster playing right field, so the Braves must now find somebody to play first base. Mike Lum, although he is a mediocre hitter, is one candidate. Third Baseman Darrell Evans is another. Aaron is giving himself only two more years to catch Ruth, reasoning "If I can't hit 42 home runs in two years, I ain't never gonna hit them."

The Dodgers, who are always looking for a home-run hitter and rarely finding one, seem to be in the same fix again, although Manager Walter Alston insists his team "can fool you a little bit. We'll hold our own by hitting a few here and there." Ken McMullen, who came to Los Angeles from neighboring Anaheim with Andy Messersmith in the big Frank Robinson trade, has been known to hit a few here and there, and at the least he should help clean up the mess at third base. Dodger third basemen committed 53 errors last year, or one every 10 chances. Bill Russell at shortstop was not exactly a Marty Marion out there either, leading the league with 34 errors. Russell was still bobbling a few in spring training, but the Dodgers assure skeptics that he will become a major league shortstop. Pitcher Claude Osteen going so far as to say "a super shortstop."

Russell can hit a little (.272) and so can First Baseman Bill Buckner (.319) and the veteran Willie Davis (.289), who credits his newfound consistency to his conversion to Buddhism. "It has to do with the way you apply yourself," he says. "You don't waste time."

But what the Dodgers still do best is pitch, and starting along with Messersmith will be Osteen (20-11), Don Sutton (19-9) and either Al Downing (9-9) or Tommy John (11-5), all of whom had ERAs under 3.0 in 1972. Osteen, who wistfully recalls the team's pennant years, thinks there are some characteristics this team shares with its predecessor. "We didn't have the power then," he said, "but we were scrappy and we executed. We are and we will."

The San Francisco Giants, who fell from the top of the division nearly to the bottom, have all sorts of power. What they have trouble doing is hitting the ball

at all. Last year they struck out a grand total of 964 times. Big Dave Kingman, 6'6", was the team leader at 140-128 of them swinging. Bobby Bonds, who used to strike out 180 times a season, was down to 137 last year but that is still embarrassing, and Gary Maddox, Willie Mays' successor in center field, had 97 whiffs.

Manager Charlie Fox worked diligently this spring to convince his big swingers that good things sometimes happen even when the ball is hit softly. The point is to hit it. Kingman, who aspires to hit every pitch into oblivion, had 29 home runs and some of them were indeed memorable, but his average fell to .225 after a promising beginning. Fox wants him hitting for a better average than that. "I told him he does not have to hit every pitch 40 rows into the bleachers," says Fox. "One row will do."

Fox is fortunate to have yet another budding power hitter in 22-year-old Chris Speier (15 home runs, .269), who also just happens to be the league's best shortstop and a player about whom his manager can say, "He has no known defect." There are innumerable defects elsewhere, however, not the least the declining powers of Pitchers Juan Marichal (8-16) and Sam McDowell (10-8).

Marichal underwent surgery last October to correct a protruding lumbar disc that had inhibited his flamboyant pitching motion for the past several seasons. The high kick was back this spring and Marichal was pitching seemingly without pain, but something was missing from his fastball. He has at his beck and call an impressive array of pitches, thrown from many different angles, but he must have the fastball to be truly effective. And after 3,236 major league innings, it may have been dissipated. Even if his back is sound, Marichal's arm may be too weary to deliver with the old gusto. Still, he remains a pivotal figure for the Giants. He already has won more games (227) than any other active pitcher and his career earned run average of 2.75 is the fourth best in baseball history for pitchers in 3,000 or more innings, excelled only by Walter Johnson's 2.37, Grover Cleveland Alexander's 2.56 and Whittley Ford's 2.74. But at 34, Marichal may be nearing the end.

McDowell, the old strikeout specialist, is an even shakier prospect. Sudden Sam's arm may well be more than tired. His protests to the contrary, it could merely be very sore. The Giants can still expect some good pitching from newcomer Tom Bradley (over from the White Sox) and returnees Ron Bryant, Jim Willoughby and Jim Barr, who can be both a starter and a reliever. But they'll need help from Marichal and McDowell to win very often. Strangely enough, Fox still thinks this team is better than the one he won the division championship with in 1971.

San Diego Manager Don Zimmer offers no such claim. "We have a leftfielder (Leron Lee) and a first baseman (Nate Colbert) and a bunch of other guys fighting for jobs." The job seekers are a precocious lot. Unfortunately, until they acquire the experience they will play like kids. And kids will have to get out of the way of the Big Red Machine. So will quite a few adults.

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golden chance to pirate a pennant



national league east

Despite Pittsburgh's runaway victory, this division drew more paying fans last season—8,543,000—than any other. This year there could be a real race and a zillion more customers as the Pirates go after a fourth consecutive championship—the number Baltimore tripped over last year. Pittsburgh has not been a superior fielding team during its championship seasons, and now the tragic loss of the Pirates' best fielder, Roberto Clemente, will be deeply felt. True, there are those rip-roaring bats. You look at the list of the league's top 15 hitters and there always seem to be five or more Pirates: Willie Stargell, Al Oliver, Menny Sanguillen et al. have not forgotten how to swing. But batting averages alone afford an incomplete picture. For example, while the Pirates outthrew the second-place Cubs 274 to 257 in 1972, they scored only six more runs. But in 1971 Pittsburgh was outthrew by second-place St. Louis—yet won. And before that, in 1970, although the Pirates had much the higher average, the Cubs scored 77 more runs. So we come to pitching.

Surprisingly, the Pirates have won as much on pitching as anything else. And as long as Steve Blass, Nellie Briles, Dock Ellis, Dave Giusti and the rest are performing, this team will never be a pushover. This

year they have a new pitching coach, Mel Wright, who replaces the retired Don Osborn. When Osborn returned to the team as coach in 1970 the team ERA was 3.70. In 1972 it was 2.81—down by close to a run a game during Osborn's stewardship.

It had better stay down, for no one will truly replace Clemente. His arm, his speed, his uncanny positioning in right field against the hitters, his ability to decoy base runners, the difficult catches he made look easy. Now consider the outs that will become hits, the singles that will turn into doubles. In short—more precisely, in right—the Pirates can be beaten.

But who is to do it? The Cubs? Ernie Banks, resident philosopher of Wrigley Field, maintains that the Cubs "will be mighty under Whitey" and in this day and age only Ernie could get away with a statement like that. Carroll (Whitey) Lockman took over as Chicago manager late last July and the team played 600 ball the rest of the season. But what, really, are the Cubbies made of? Will they resolve not to flinch under pressure, to butcher the big series, to get close and then back off?

Lockman's job is to find the ice and iron in the Cubs if indeed they are there. If he can't, well, Chicago won't have Leo Durocher to kick around anymore. The Cubs were beaten last year because they played only three games over .500 against teams in their own division and because the Pirates owned them, 12-3. The Cubs are getting old now and so are their excuses. But should they really want a title, they could win. Certainly the talent is present.

Billy Williams had another spectacular season in 1972 with a batting average of .333, 37 home runs and 122 RBIs. In the last three years he has averaged 319 with 115 RBIs; no one else in either league has been so steadily productive. Jose Cardenal hit 17 homers, stole a team high of 25 bases, batted .291 and drove in 70 runs while scoring 96. Ron Santo was the 10th leading hitter in the league (.302) but drove in only 74 runs, and although Rick Monday provided excellent defense in center field, he had but 42 RBIs.

Chicago's pitching was better last year than at any time since 1963, but there was concern early this spring over the arm of Ferguson Jenkins, the big righthander who has won 20 games or more in each of the past six years. The rest of the starting rotation will be Milt Pappas, who somehow gets better (17-7) as he ages; Burt Hooton, 11-14 with a good 2.81 ERA, and probably Rick Reuschel (10-8). What the Cubs need most is an arm behind the plate—their epitaph may be written in stolen bases. Randy Hundley's knees troubled him when he tried to throw out runners last year, though he seemed stronger this spring. Ken Rudolph has a better arm but must prove himself as a hitter.

If the New York Mets could have one wish it would be a schedule without a July. Come Independence Day and they swing like Betsy Ross. Until that awful month last year New York was playing its finest ball ever—at one time the Mets led the division by 8½ games—and the pitching, defense and particularly the hitting seemed of pennant caliber. But in July, when it became clear that Rusty Staub, the most intelligent hitter the

continued

club has ever had, would be out for most of the season with a fractured right hand, there went the one man who could drive in the few runs Met pitchers needed to win. Staub's hand is functioning again and perhaps that is sufficient to keep New York in the race into July and beyond. Other hitters are few. Willie Mays was once the finest of all spring batsmen, but now the fastball leaves him standing at the plate all too often. When Manager Yogi Berra fined Willie \$1,000 for being AWOL from camp, one iconoclast suggested that the fine broke down to \$100 for going and \$900 for coming back. Still, a reasonable facsimile of the grandeur that was Mays would enormously benefit the Mets.

Only at shortstop, where Bud Harrelson excels, and second base, now occupied by ex-Brave Felix Millan, is New York's infield settled. Millan can turn the double play expertly and also make the hit-and-run go. The infield corners are in doubt. John Milner, potentially a power hitter, goes to first. A trimmer Jim Fregosi gets another chance at third, where he undistinguished himself last season.

Duffy Dyer and Jerry Grote are excellent catchers and the pitching staff consists of more than just Tom Seaver and his dog Slicer. Jon Matlack was the NL Rookie of the Year with a record of 15-10 and a most impressive 2.32 ERA. Jim McAndrew was 11-8 with a 2.80. But the enigma of recent seasons, Jerry Koosman (11-12), will have to have a respectable year if New York hopes to go chasing the Pirates.

Gusie Busch loves his St. Louis Cardinals again, and that is good news for Birdland. St. Louis was the first team to sign all its players this year and that old Cardinal flair of the late 1960s seems to have reappeared. The Cards should hit and the Cards should pitch, but many times the Card gloves will go clank in the night. Also in the daytime. Among new faces are Ray Buese at shortstop and Ken Reitz at third. Joe Torre will be platooned at third with Reitz and at first with Tim Lincecum, who returns to St. Louis along with Wayne Granger. The latter can be a fine relief pitcher. Good thing, too, because the bullpen was the club's most serious deficiency last year, with only 13 saves compared to Pittsburgh's 48 and New York's 41.

Ted Simmons had finer first two seasons at bat for the Cardinals, averaging 304 and 303 in '71 and '72, than any catcher in the last four decades, and that is going some. Simmons has meanwhile matured as a receiver, one who can handle with poise the veteran staff of Bob Gibson (19-11), Rick Wise (a deceptive 16-16, the bullpen never saved a game for him) and Reggie Cleveland (14-15 after once being 11-4). Scipio Spinks, the 25-year-old righthander who lugs around a large stuffed gorilla named Mighty Joe Young, was injured in a collision at the plate with Johnny Bench on July 4 after St. Louis had won 22 of 27 games. Spinks had pitched well during this stretch but after he was hurt the team fell back and finished a distant fourth. Needless to say, Manager Red Schoendienst was not displeased to welcome a healthy Scipio this spring.

Sometime this year Lou Brock will steal the 600th base of an amazing 11-year career in which he has been

thrown out only 24% of the time. The makeup of the '73 Cards is such that if Brock can get on base as often as he usually does—an average of 198 hits a season over the last four years—he will score many a run. And from left-center to right-center the fences have been moved in 10 feet to help the attack. Fanciers of interesting long shots might do worse than St. Lou.

One worse long shot would be the Philadelphia Carltons. Steve won 27 games last year, if he had won only 38 more the team would have been at .500. The Phils have a new manager in Danny Ozark and a lot of new pitchers. Jim Lonborg comes in from Milwaukee, where he was a winner (14-12) on a bad team. Ken Brett comes along with Lonborg. Another newcomer, little Cesar Tovar, is a hustler who can hit. Among the holdovers, Willie Montañez is a moody but talented batsman and Greg Luzinski (281, 18 HRs, 68 RBIs) is on the brink of becoming a star. Even with Carlton around, that is not enough.

And pity the poor Montreal Expos. They are in a rut. In 1970 they won 73 games, in 1971 they won 71 and last season 70. Also, they are undermanned again. They have little to operate with and less to trade. The Expos made only two off-season moves, getting Outfielder Jorge Roque from St. Louis for Tim McCarver and sending Carl Morton to Atlanta for Pitcher Pat Jarvis. They finished ahead of the Phils last season but will have a struggle to attain even such modest stature again. "If I'm not going to get offense," says Manager Gene Mauch bravely, "I'm going to get exceptional defense. I think it's reasonable to assume that our young players will show improvement, and our pitchers have never reached their potential. Mike Torrez won 16 games even though he didn't get a start the first two weeks of the season. Baylor Moore struck out 161 men in 148 innings and there is no limit on what he can do. And Bill Stoneman has never pitched as well as he can."

In Mike Marshall the Expos also have one of baseball's prime relievers. "Marshall is the most complete relief pitcher I've ever seen," says Mauch. "He has weapons for every hitter." Unfortunately, the arms Montreal needs are burp guns.

But it would be uncharitable to leave Montreal—and this lively division—on a hint of gloom. For one thing, the Expos possess at least one champion—Ron Hunt—the man whose pelt has been pinked by more pitchers than any other in baseball history. Montreal chroniclers have at their fingertips every sacrificial appearance by Hunt last season. It was on July 23 at San Diego that he broke Minnie Miñoso's record by getting zonked by a Mark Schaeffer pitch. That was No. 192. He finished out the season at 203, and now is said to be rounding into top stick-it-in-my-ear form for '73.

It should also be noted that Montreal continues to support its lovable losers at the gate. Despite the trade of Rusty Staub, Montreal's one big name and the toast of the city, the Expos drew 1,142,145 customers, with an average attendance of 15,963 in 28,000-seat Jerry Park. Le Bon Dieu knows where they will put the people when the Expos become winners.

END

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When Steve Carlton concentrates, things happen: 27 wins for last-place Philadelphia, the richest contract in baseball history for a pitcher and commercials at thousands a throw **by RON FIMRITE**

ELIMINATOR OF THE VARIABLES

The tall young athlete in the checkered sport coat walked quickly past the swimming pool as old men in flowered bathing trunks scuttled in his wake, their wrinkled limbs pumping below protruding bellies. "Hey, Steve," one of them trumpeted, "gonna win 30 this year?" Steve Carlton, baseball's best pitcher, smiled gamely, but his small, darting dark eyes betrayed the uneasiness he experiences when trapped in a crowd. "Sure," he said without looking back. The old man guffawed, shaking his head as if that were the most preposterous boast he had heard in a lifetime of suffering braggadocios. Wasn't that Steve a caution. . .

Carlton had come to the improbably named Waikiki Resort Motel in Miami Beach to revive old times, not oldimers. Ten years ago he had been a pool boy there, a youth so tall and gaunt he seemed an Ichabod Crane to the septuagenarian clientele. But he had been good at almost everything then that did not involve books or classrooms.

Young Steve Carlton was a Dade County Paul Bunyan. Why, he could knock a line of birds off the telephone wires with nothing more than a handful of rocks. Once, while walking in the woods, he came upon a quail and scared it into the branches of an oak. He took an ax in his big left hand and flung it hard. The blade cut that little bird's head off as neatly as a surgeon's knife. The ax, stained red, just hummed in the trunk of the tree until Steve fetched it.

He could throw a football 75 yards in the air, and though he was only a forward, he could outjump almost any basketball center in the county. At the

Waikiki, he could stack mats higher than any pool boy and he was the champion comic diver. One day he dived off the roof of the pool shack to rescue a little girl from drowning. He was something.

He was something else now, suddenly, after adult years of mostly humdrum competence. He was a national celebrity, and as he sat sipping beer and reminiscing with the help in the motel coffee shop, the old people outside began clambering out of the pool to approach him. There was only a trickle at first. Then they came in a generic torrent, and Carlton retreated to the parking lot in full, if controlled, flight, a Gulliver pursued by Lilliputians. Menus, cocktail napkins, claim checks were thrust at him as he made his way to his rented car. He signed them swiftly, courteously. He was smiling as he started the car engine, but his eyes were dead ahead, away from the faces pressed against the windows.

As he drove off, he turned to his companions and said levelly, "I suppose they have to identify with someone. That's what it's all about, isn't it?" His marketing consultant, David Landfield, answered, "The day they stop identifying," he said, "is the day your salary stops."

Carlton's salary for pitching with what has been one of baseball's worst teams, the Philadelphia Phillies, will be \$165,000 this year, or more than any pitcher has ever earned. In an erratic career with the St. Louis Cardinals—he lost 19 games one season, won 20 the next—



CASHING IN on his new fame, Carlton films a print commercial for TV. His fee was \$5,000



he had had a background of salary disputes, the last of which led to the now infamous trade that sent him to Philadelphia just before spring training last year, a consignment, it was believed at the time, to purgatory. Instead, the trade was heaven-blessed for Carlton. Grimly determined and with complete mastery of both his emotions and his formidable pitching arsenal, he compiled in 1972 perhaps the most extraordinary record of any pitcher in history.

He set major league marks by winning 27 games for a last-place team and by accounting for 45.8% of all his team's victories. He led the National League in wins, games started (41), complete games (30), innings pitched (346), strikeouts (310) and earned run average (1.98). Only Sandy Koufax among National League left-handers had won as many games in a single season, and Koufax in 1966 was pitching for a pennant winner, not a last-place team.

Amazingly, the Phillies did not play like Phillies when Carlton was pitching. Balls that ordinarily filtered through their infield sieve were somehow stopped; outfielders, conditioned to watching the play as spectators, caromed off fences in pursuit of certain two-base hits; and batters who regarded a trip to the plate as a journey into the unknown manfully took their cuts in his behalf.

"It is hard to explain," said Paul Owens, who was Carlton's manager for part of last season and is the club's director of player personnel this year, "but you could feel that everything was different when he was pitching. The players would perform differently and I'd even manage differently. He had charisma. You had to be there to sense it. It was like when a beautiful woman walks into a room. No one says anything, but you know something is happening."

So Carlton's contributions to Philadelphia baseball were tangible, intangible and inestimable, and when it came time to negotiate his 1973 contract he was, for once in his nine-year major league career, in the Catbird Seat. He had shown the Phillies what he could do for them. Now what could they do for him?

"It was one of my easiest signings," said Owens. "We only talked 10 minutes. I just told him that I honestly didn't know what to offer him and he said he honestly didn't know what to

continued

ask for. We finally agreed he should be the highest-paid pitcher in baseball. I felt he wanted that. I felt he should get it."

Carlton, whose off-field reputation as a hitulous swinger is only partly earned, is not a big spender, nor is he even remotely interested in the dreary world of commerce. In the age of the businessman-ballplayer, the walking conglomerate, Carlton, at 28, cares only about pitching baseballs and shooting guns. During the season he pitches; in the off-season he hunts. Anything else is an encumbrance.

All of his earnings—and with endorsements, commercials and personal appearances they now may total upwards of \$200,000 annually—are turned over to the firm Landfield represents, Athletes Financial Services, Inc., of Buena Park, Calif., which in turn pays his bills, invests his surpluses, negotiates his various contracts, builds tax shelters, calculates his income tax and, if Mrs. Carlton should so desire, buys his groceries. The Carltons—Steve, wife Beverly and sons Steven, 6, and Scott,

4—live comfortably on an allowance doled out by the company.

"When he's through playing," says Landfield, "he can hunt 12 months of the year if that's what he wants."

Landfield, 39, is Dave to the Carlton family, as chummy a marketing consultant as a rich young man could ask for. He is a short, compact Chicagoan who some years ago made the unlikely transition from acting—you may remember him in *Beach Blanket Bingo*—to jock finance. His diverse background allows him unusual conversational latitude, and of an evening his talk may roam from negotiable securities to Annette Funicello.

Landfield is in Miami one week before spring training acting as a buffer between his client and various television and advertising types who had employed Carlton to film a paint commercial. For reciting such challenging dialogue as "Well, it's gonna take a lot of work, boys," Carlton would be paid \$5,000.

Also on the set—at the K-Land Youth Center—was Carlton's father, Joe, a slim, gray-haired 65-year-old of infinite garrulity.

"I still can't believe all this," said Joe as his son took his place among a supposing cast of 8- to 11-year-old boys. "I never was much of a baseball man. I remember when Steve pitched a no-hitter in Little League. I wasn't even sure what was going on. Then, when everybody went out there to hug him after the game, I figured I'd better go, too."

"I tell you, they just don't know the value of the dollar now. I worked hard for every cent I ever earned. You know, down here in Florida we had a Depression before everybody else did. I retired last year. Twenty-five years with Pan American. In maintenance—building, not airplane. But I don't need any help from anybody now. Not even that fella. When Steve was still in high school I told him, 'There is a great big tree out there with an orange waiting to be plucked at the top of it. You gotta climb high to get to it and maybe on the way up you'll have to step on a few fingers. But it's there waiting for you.' Well, Steve's right at the top of that tree now, but it hasn't changed him a bit. He's still the same old sinker."

Like any stage parent watching his

child make his acting debut, Joe Carlton was all fuss and bother on the set. Flitting nervously behind the cameras, oblivious to the disapproving glances of the crewmen, he shouted directions at the seemingly unaffracted Steve: "Pull in your damn gut. Comh that hair leaking out of your cap." Steve did look heavy, although he insisted his weight was where it should be—215 pounds. He has a deep chest, the product of an off-season weight-lifting program he has followed since his skinny boyhood. Traditionalists protest that weight lifting is harmful to a pitcher—it tightens the chest, restricts the throwing motion—but, as in most things, Steve Carlton has resolutely followed his own course.

He smiled back tolerantly at his father, sucking in the offending middle with the exaggerated gusto of a Marine boot. He was letter-perfect in his lines and, fortified at the lunch break with judicious doses of the grapefruit juice and vodka Joe and Dave had provided for the occasion, was relaxed and at ease. Off camera, he ad-libbed in the grand manner of W.C. Fields: "Try M.A.B. point. It goes great with Scotch."

Still, Carlton was concerned about his condition, both physical and mental. In the past, when he showed only glimpses of his vast potential, as he did when he struck out 19 Mets four years ago, he had not been in much demand. Now, as a bona fide star, everyone wanted a piece of his time.

Carlton had worked hard to control both his skills and his boundless energies. He had been, as one Phillies executive described him, "both a leader and a follower, a Jekyll and a Hyde." Now his tendencies toward wildness off the field had been curbed and he had achieved near-complete concentration on the field. He had become something of an athletic existentialist, one who considered himself the master of his own fate.

"Man is the only one who puts limitations on himself," he said one day. "There are really no limits. A lot of professional athletes play beneath their ability. They may believe they are giving 100%, but they aren't, because they are not thinking at their peak. You can create an atmosphere about yourself, positive or negative. The year I lost 19 games, I got all wrapped up in self-pity. I learned a lot about mental attitude that year."

continued



STEVE ACCEPTS SOME GERIATRIC GAZING

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**Wouldn't you
really rather have a Buick?**

Carlton admits he has benefited from the counsel of an older man in St. Louis who has been writing him encouraging letters for the past three years, but he fiercely protects his spiritual leader's anonymity, describing him only as "a warm, a very wise man."

Carlton's mental preparation for a pitching assignment is considered monastic by the congenial standards of the diamond. He shuts himself off the day of a game, entering, as former teammate Dal Maxvill describes it, "a little dark room of the mind." But win or lose he emerges from this self-inflicted catatonia with renewed verve. "He will psych himself out for 36 hours," says one Phillie front-office man, "then in the next 48 hours he's liable to do anything." "He is," says Owens, "no Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Carlton protests that neither his uppers nor his downers are as high or as low as they are made out to be. His pregame meditation, he says, is merely a device to banish the "variables" that would otherwise shatter his concentration. "People are always throwing variables at you," he says, as if variables were hard objects to be ducked. Those he ducks include the past, the future, anger, men on base and, preeminently, pressure.

"Pressure just isn't there," he will say in defiance of logic. "It's on the opposition, where it belongs." Indeed, a batter facing Carlton, who glares malevolently down at him from six feet, five inches above the mound and who has at his command a wicked fastball, a sharp curve, a moving slider and the firm conviction that destiny is his consort, may not be faulted for agreeing with the transfer of this intangible burden. Home plate is Carlton's personal property. Batters are merely trespassers.

There are days and nights when his proprietary rights remain virtually unchallenged. On these occasions—when the fastball fairly hums, when the curve breaks supernaturally and the slider becomes a hypnotic amalgam of the other two—Steve Carlton can dominate a baseball game as few pitchers ever have. He enjoyed such a night last Aug. 9 in Pittsburgh before 19,832 Pirate partisans who departed Three Rivers Stadium convinced they had been witness to the athletic reincarnation of Koufax.



AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS DROP IN ON A FLORIDA REUNION OF CARLTON AND HIS FATHER

The Pirates at that point in the season had a team batting average of .278. Five men in their starting lineup that night were hitting above .300. They were playing at home. They were the defending world champions. They were en route to another division championship. And their ace, World Series hero Steve Blass, was pitching.

Carlton handled them as if they were ... well ... Phillies.

Entering the ninth, he was leading 2-0. He had personally accounted for one of the runs with a homer in the third inning. Of the Pirates, only Rennie Stennett, with a double in the fourth, and Manny Sanguillen, with a single in the fifth, had reached base. Carlton had struck out 12, all in the first six innings during an amazing stretch when, as Owens described it, "Those hitters couldn't even get a piece of the ball—you could just hear that mitt popping."

Now, leading off the ninth as a pinch hitter for Blass was Roberto Clemente, a nemesis to Carlton as he was to most pitchers. Working with uncharacteristic caution, Carlton allowed the count to reach three and two. Clemente fouled off half a dozen pitches, then walked. The next batter, Gene Cline, singled. Were the dormant Pirates awakening?

Hardly. Stennett, bunting, popped weakly toward the mound, and Carlton, making a shoestring catch, threw quickly to second base to catch pinch run-

ner Dock Ellis, who had gone with the pitch. Double play. Next Al Oliver, with the count two and two, hit a fastball deep to right field. Carlton watched it warily at first, then confidently as Roger Freed overtook it near the fence. The game was over.

Carlton had shut out the best-hitting team in baseball. It was his fourth shutout in his last five games and it extended his string of innings without earned runs to 54. It was also his 13th straight victory, a Phillie record soon to become 15 straight. "Hitting him tonight," said Pirate slugger Willie Stargell, "was like drinking coffee with a fork."

On nights like these, Carlton could be confronting Murderers Row and be only vaguely aware of his opposition, so absorbed is he with the art of pitching.

"My vision is ordinarily limited to the catcher," he says. "A man on base is merely a variable. I see the batter only dimly outlined. I don't care if it's Henry Aaron or Dal Maxvill up there. Either can hurt you, but neither can if I'm doing my job. The batter will take every advantage he can get, so I must move him back if he digs in too close. I own those corners. Naturally, I don't want to hit anyone. I know what I can do out there—I can kill someone. I can also kill someone driving my car."

Carlton got through the year without

continued

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killing—or even maiming—anyone, but he did bounce a fastball off Tim Foli's helmet in a stormy game at Montreal on June 25. Since the Expos' pitcher Ernie McAnally, had hit the Phillies' Joe Lis the previous inning, it was fittingly suspected by Montreal Manager Gene Mauch that Carlton was not so much punishing a trespasser as retaliating for the earlier transgression. Mauch trotted out to the mound, tossed a wild punch at Carlton, missed and pulled a muscle in his leg. Players from both dugouts joined the battle and in the confusion Carlton was somehow kicked on his pitching arm. He remained in the game, however, winning, typically, 1-0. Foli was the only batter he hit all season.

Such incidents scarcely intrude on Carlton's inner calm. They are, well, variables. But he was troubled somewhat by an off-field episode last year. At the end of every season, Carlton and some of his ballplayer friends set off for the wilds on an extended hunting trip. Their arrival this year in the Bob Marshall Wilderness in western Montana was delayed, however, when they were ordered off a Frontier Airlines plane for allegedly drinking their own liquor on board, for playing a tape recorder too noisily and for generally making a nuisance of themselves.

The players—Carlton, Joe Hoerner, Pat Jarvis, Tim McCarver and the illustrious Henry Aaron—steadfastly deny they were guilty of any shenanigans. Carlton, whose behavior on social occasions has not always been decorous, was specifically absolved of guilt by his companions. "I have acted worse on airplanes," Carlton says "and been treated nicely."

When Joe Carlton read of the exploit in a Miami newspaper, he quickly concluded he had before him a issue of lies, the work, probably, of subversives. "I wrote that editor and told him it looks to me like you're running some kind of North Vietnam paper here, 'cause it sure don't look to me like an American paper."

Carlton, who to the best testimony of his friends is no longer a wild youth, was sorely embarrassed by the publicity. He was even more outraged at the inconvenience the ejection caused, for valuable hunting time was lost, and if there is any human activity he regards with greater solemnity than pitching it is hunting. In addition to the annual sea-

son's-end safaris and other lesser junkets, Carlton takes off with his boys on weekends to hunt quail at friend Bob Hoffman's property outside St. Louis—where Carlton still lives. The entire off-season, for that matter, is pretty well spent peeping away at one thing or another. "We're always surprised," says hunting buddy Maxwell, "at the amount of work Steve is willing to do to get to go hunting."

As keen as he is on tracking and dispatching his prey, Carlton is not insensitive to the supplications of the ecologists. There are occasions when he is almost defensive about his recreation.

"The kill is not important," he said during one contemplative moment "although I understand the psychology of that. Yes, I know—the Hemingway thing. But for me, it's mainly getting away after all that time spent in cities. It's getting on top of a mountain in clear, clean air and looking down on green valleys below. It's the loneliness, the challenge, even the danger."

"Once going down the side of a snowy mountain, I decided to speed things up a little by sliding on my rear. I hit some ice and I slid all right. I couldn't stop. I grabbed at trees, bushes, logs, anything, but I couldn't stop. I could see myself getting killed. Finally, and I'm not even sure how, I stopped in a clump of bushes near the edge of a cliff. I was that far from dead. There are many different kinds of fear, and I guess I was scared. But mostly, I felt thrilled."

It was a warm, breezy Miami evening, the kind that rouses even the most decrepit tourist to a night on the town. The Carlton entourage—Steve, Joe, Mom and intrepid adviser Dave—had opted for mackerel and stone crab at the Mike Gordon Seafood Restaurant on 79th Street.

There was trouble almost from the start. The lines of waiting diners were long and quarrelsome. The Carlton name meant nothing to the hostess, and when the group was finally seated it was determined that it was not large enough for the appointed table. Would the Carltons accept lesser accommodations? Certainly not.

"Let's go someplace else," said Dave. "The food here is good," said Steve.

Drinks were ordered—a Beefer on the rocks with a twist for Steve, a vodka martini on the rocks for Dave, bour-

bon and water for the elder Carltons.

"Let's not wait for the drinks," said Dave. "Let's just go someplace else."

"Wait'll you taste the food," said Steve.

Dave seemed mollified. He began an analysis of famous show business personalities he had known. Annette Funicello had little talent, he advised the group, but she sure was built.

Joe was quiet. He was fresh out of adolescent Steve anecdotes and he had exhausted his catalogue of philosophical observations. He sat there examining the silverware and running his napkin over the rim of his water glass. Mom—Mrs. Anne Carlton—wondered what everyone was going to order.

Steve was worried about his shape. All those damn banquets. Variables. all of them. Beverly and the kids were still in St. Louis. He had not seen much of them this winter.

The drinks arrived. Dave sipped his, then brought his fist down heavily on the table. "Gin, dammit! This is gin! I ordered vodka. Let's go someplace else!"

Steve watched with rising irritation as the waitress poured a single shot of Beefer into a large glass filled with ice and lemon. The liquid barely occupied the bottom of the glass.

"That does it," he bellowed, more angry now even than Dave. "A single shot! What kind of a cheapskate is this Mike Gordon?"

"We wanna see Mike Gordon," said Dave.

"He's doing the dishes," said the waitress.

Stories of how Steve had been known to stage scenes in bars and restaurants sprang to mind.

"We're just gonna have to do something to this place," he said ominously. He was eyeing two expensive nautical lanterns on the shelf behind him. Visions flashed of the lanterns in smithereens, of angry voices, a great commotion. . . .

"Yes," said Steve, "we definitely gotta do something." He looked furious. He grabbed the menu, a slim paper volume with fish jumping over Mike Gordon's name on the cover. He held it before him. Then, theatrically, ripped it in two. He smiled a satisfied, good inner smile. He had caught himself. Almost, anyway.

"Vindictiveness," he said very slowly, "is a variable."

"Why don't we go someplace else," said Dave.

PEOPLE

The Montreal Canadiens were sitting around the lobby of their Detroit hotel when who should walk in but **Wilt Chamberlain**. "Put a pair of skates on him and you'd have quite a hockey player," someone said to Canadian Coach **Scotty Bowman**.

"How tall is he in inches?" Bowman asked tersely.

"Eighty-six."

"Then he would be 90 inches with skates?" Bowman asked.

"Right."

"He couldn't play," Bowman said.

"Why not?"

"A league rule says you can't use a stick more than 55 inches long."

◆ **World pursuit cycling champion Hugh Porter** can afford a carriage, but he decided to pedal to Buckingham Palace to receive his Member of the British Empire award from **Queen Elizabeth**. He dismounted for the investiture and left in high style, his bike stashed in the back of a car.

The Craig-Meyer-Yarbrough gang is causing Texas a lot of trouble. Identical twins **Ricky** and **Randy Yarbrough** run the mile and three mile for the University of Texas track team. Freshmen **John** and **Paul Craig** run the half mile. And for a while **Karl** and **Kirk Meyer** pole-vaulted for the Longhorns. Coach **Cleburne Price** has learned to tell the Yarbroughs apart by the mole on Ricky's forehead, but the Craigs are a worse problem. "One of them has a chipped front tooth," Price says. "I have to tell them to open their mouths when I talk to them." But the Meyers. They are so identical that when publicist **Jones Ramsey** culled them into his office to identify photographs, *they* couldn't tell. "They argued about who was who," Ramsey says. "So I wrote Karl's name on half the pictures and Kirk's



name on the other half." Fortunately, *their* identity crisis is solved. Kirk dropped off the track team. Or was it Karl?

Meyer Wyeth Chandler landed in a swamp after riding a hot-air balloon over Memphis. "Oh, I'd go up again, but I need work on the landings," said Chandler as he sipped champagne afterward. Chandler's flight began in downtown Memphis, continued four miles westward in a stiff breeze, skimmed some power lines and ended abruptly with a muddy splashdown, which is what a politician depending on hot air could have expected.

★ In Baltimore you don't need a program to know who's not playing for the Colts. A simple billboard will do. This one seems to have real drawing power, too,

at least where unemployed football players are concerned. **Johnny Unitas** (19) and **Tom Matte** (41) have found jobs—in San Diego yet. Now, San Diego, what Baltimore really wants to know is can you use a good steam fitter?

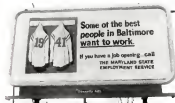
A controversy simmers concerning the world record for the 50-yard dash. Does it belong to **Derek Noether** of Hanford, Calif., with a time of 22.5 or is it **Daxie Thoreson** of Santa Barbara, who ran a 22.1? *Track and Field News* currently lists Noether as the record holder, but Thoreson's father—accomplished decathlete **Dave Thoreson**—has just now submitted his son's time for official consideration. If it isn't accepted, **Ossie Thoreson** has blown his chance because he turned 2 years old

shortly after his 22.1 run. Obviously that disqualifies him from further attempts at T&FN's record for 1-year-olds. In any case, Noether's coach is hopeful. "I don't think we've even tapped Derek's potential," says **Malvin Noether**, a former San Jose State hurdler. "He ran his 22.5 on a cold day wearing his parka and street shoes. And he doesn't turn 2 until April 21."

The Dodgers were shutting out Houston 6-0 in an exhibition game when an Astro fan noticed something untoward. "No wonder we're losing," she yelled, pointing to Dodger Pitcher **Edlie Solomon** and Outfielder **Von Joshua**. "It's Sunday and they've got Solomon and Joshua on their side." Yes, but Houston had **Jesus Alou**.

Steve Davidowitz, who handicaps for radio station WLMD in Baltimore, had an almost unbelievable streak with the horses. He started by picking **Narkisa** in the seventh race at Bowie eight days before the track's season ended. He touted 11 more winners in a row, including a daily double with **Plenty of Talent** and **Star Viking**, until his selection on the last day ran out of the money. On an initial \$2 bet a parlay on the 12 wins would theoretically have netted \$106,997. Unfortunately Davidowitz, whose real purpose on the show is to explain handicapping theory, did not bet the parlay. But he did win five in a row as Maryland racing shifted to Pimlico. In all, since he began in October, Davidowitz has averaged 59%. Keep the faith, Steve Baby.

Ed Nixon, brother of the President, has joined a syndicate attempting to obtain a National Football League franchise for Seattle. This raises some very serious questions. For instance, Will Ed promise not to suggest any plays?



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Sham always had pretensions of being something special and not just because his daddy is a stallion named Pretense. More important, his dam Sequoia is from a family of champions. Among the tribe are Tom Rolfe and How and Pocahontas and Ack Ack.

Now Sham, despite his name, seems to be living up to the high hopes everyone has had for him, especially his owner, Sigmund Sommer, who purchased the colt for \$200,000 four months ago. Last Saturday the horse scored a convincing 2½-length victory over favorite Linda's Chief in the Santa Anita Derby.

Several winners of this West Coast classic—Hill Gail, Determme, Swaps, Lucky Debonair and Majestic Prince—have crossed the Rockies and captured the Kentucky Derby, and Louisville, of course, is where Sham is headed. But before then—in fact, in just two weeks—he is to challenge the king of the 3-year-old crop, Secretariat. The meeting is to be in the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct.

Last weekend there were Derbies in Florida and Louisiana, too, but only Santa Anita's seemed likely to produce a worthy foe for Secretariat. At Gulfstream Park a blue-blooded colt named Royal and Regal winner of four of 11 previous races, finished first, and at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans Leo's Paces, winner of just one of nine other starts, came in and paid an astronomical \$109.80 for \$2.

The caliber of the competition in California was significantly better, and Sham impressed by winning in near-track-record time: 1:47 for the mile-and-an-eighth distance. The only horse to win a Santa Anita Derby with that swift a clocking was Lucky Debonair.

In the San Felipe Stakes on March 17 Sham had finished fourth, eight lengths behind Linda's Chief, but he had excuses. He was in trouble constantly and jockey Laffie Pincay found it difficult to steer the awkward and still green colt out of jams. Early this winter Pincay, on the advice of his astute agent, Vince DeGregory, chose Sham over Linda's Chief as his Kentucky Derby hopeful, but after the San Felipe, Pincay wondered if the decision was a good one. He would stick by it, however. "I pay my agent for his advice," Pincay said, "and I take it."

Trainer Frank Martin, the cool and crafty Cuban who handles Sham, retained confidence in the horse. "He's a

large, long-striding colt," said Martin, "and when he gets into traps it's sometimes difficult to get him out of them. He needs to be in the clear, running on the outside, to show what he can do."

There was to be a good deal of trouble in the Santa Anita Derby, but Sham, for once, managed to avoid it. However, a stablemate named Knightly Dawn was slam-bang in the middle of the scuffle. To Braulio Baeza on Linda's Chief, and to that colt's trainer, Bobby Frankel, it suddenly seemed as if they were involved in a gang war.

There were just six starters. Sham drew the No. 2 post position. The swift Ancient Title was in No. 4, Linda's Chief in No. 5 and Knightly Dawn in No. 6. Looking at the lineup, Martin decided on his strategy. He would send Knightly Dawn to the front immediately to duel with Ancient Title. Sandwiched between the speed horses, Baeza on Linda's Chief would be forced to take back momentarily. And in that brief pause, Martin hoped Pincay on Sham would be able to gain position just behind the pacemakers and just in front of Linda's Chief.

Actually, when the gates sprung open, Ancient Title added a new twist. He leaped forward and swerved to the right, barging into Linda's Chief. On the outside Knightly Dawn broke quickly and he, too, veered to the right, toward the middle of an empty track. But his rider, Mito Valenzuela, whacked the horse right-handed and the blow startled Knightly Dawn so much he immediately took a sharp left—bang, into Linda's Chief. Martin had wanted Baeza to take back, and, boy, did he ever. Meanwhile, Ancient Title and Knightly Dawn recovered and barreled down the track, eager for the lead. Pincay dropped Sham into third place, just where he wanted

the colt to be. Linda's Chief recovered magnificently and soon was running fourth.

Martin had instructed Valenzuela to hang onto the lead for as long as he could. (There are some who suggest that knocking Linda's Chief into one of the spouting infield fountains also was part of the game plan.) Valenzuela pressed his horse hard and Knightly Dawn lasted nearly six furlongs (in a quick 1:50½) before fading from the pace. Now Ancient Title took over. As the horses headed into the homestretch Sham charged in front. Baeza and Linda's Chief were just behind, but an eighth of a mile from home it was obvious that Sham was in no danger of losing the \$79,400 winner's purse.

Baeza, not surprisingly, claimed foul against the winning entry. But the stewards ruled that it was not Sham's stablemate but Ancient Title that had started all the trouble at the break. So Linda's Chief had to settle for second. Out of the East finished third.

Sham hasn't had the racing experience of Secretariat, but his best performances should be ahead. Pincay respects Secretariat as a rival, and well he should. The jockey rode Linda's Chief as a 2-year-old and never got close to the chestnut champ. "I've seen Secretariat go around five or six horses with one enormous move," Pincay says. "He is truly fantastic. I don't know if Sham is in his class." The answer will come in the mile-and-an-eighth Wood on April 21. Is Martin apprehensive about the meeting? "No," he says. "It's the best way to get a good Derby line."

Meanwhile, Linda's Chief wants no more trouble with the likes of Sham and Secretariat. He will be named for the California Derby and after that—win or lose—Trainer Frankel says he would like to keep his colt in the West and start him at Hollywood Park.

So Sham is left as Secretariat's major rival. There is talk in Florida of a horse named Mr. Prospector, who has won his only three starts. They say he's good as gold and he has won minor events by amazing distances—5¼, nine and 12 lengths. In his latest race last Saturday at Gulfstream Park he broke the six-furlong track record by three-fifths of a second, running the distance in a sizzling 1:07½.

Mr. Prospector would seem to be another horse with pretensions. But the Kentucky Derby is only a month away. And time flies, as well as horses. **END**

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Ten-strike in the ratings

Edward III once banned bowling, but with such events as the Tournament of Champions the old sport has now become impressively big on TV

Chris Schenkel—having just finished telecasting the finals of the \$125,000 Firestone Tournament of Champions Bowling from Fairlawn, Ohio—lit a cigarette, took a drag, smiled and said in his own jelly-sweet tones: "Another year of bowling broadcasts is over. Twelve years in a row I've done them, and it's been amazing. I get more feedback from these shows than from anything I've done except the Munich Olympics. It's amazing the number of people—a lot of them doctors and other well-to-do individuals—who watch bowling. They love it and they tell me it's because it's live, in color, for a lot of dough and 'I don't have to think about what's going on'."

It is slightly amazing. Somehow in the last few seasons bowling has gained for itself a vast, almost subterranean acceptance despite the fact that it lacks most of the ingredients that seem to be necessary for TV sport these days: an offense and a defense, physical contact, contract jumpers, loud arguments, court cases, record setting, feuds, holdouts, playbooks and exotic equipment. Bowling has none of these. It is an absurdly elemental game in which men heave 16-pound balls at unprotected arrays of 10 stationary pieces of plastic-coated wood that look like overweight penguins. Do not be deceived, though. Bowling is on the way up.

To appreciate bowling's present emergent status, one should understand that in its past the sport has gone through some vivid ups and downs. In 1366, for instance, Edward III of England became worried that bowling might supplant archery in his countrymen's favor. Since he couldn't see his troops winning battles armed only with bowling balls, he banned the game. Another bowling crisis occurred in 1840 when Connecticut's legislators, upset because it seemed to them that all manner of people were bowling when they should have been working and because citizens were wagering on games and even fixing a few

of them, declared the game of nine pins illegal. As always, though, bowling was resuscitated this time by circumventing the law in the simplest way possible—by adding a 10th pin.

Simplicity, in fact, is one of bowling's prime virtues. Whether at the lanes or around TV sets, fans are not befuddled by what is going on. There are no complicated rules, no controversial calls by referees, no problems of weather or of time running out on an off-camera clock. And television's king-of-the-hill format for the finals ensures drama, plain and simple. It begins with the No. 4 and 5 qualifiers in the tournament squaring off, the winner then playing No. 3—and so on until the No. 1 qualifier faces the lone survivor for the title. At the Firestone the final match was between the week's leader, Barry Asher, and No. 2 Jim Godman, two men who used to play hooky from their California high schools so they could bowl. Both got caught, but last week there was no catching Godman, who is sometimes called Tarzan

or Animal because of his musculature. He outbowed Asher in their one-game showdown 224-200 to win the biggest paycheck in bowling—\$25,000.

Conditions at the Firestone may have been ideal for Tarzan, but they were less than that for the fans. There was limited seating at the alleys, the air-conditioning was clearly inadequate for large crowds and cumulo nimbus smoke clouds engulfed everyone. A book of tickets for all seven sessions cost an average of \$30, but as is true at almost every stop on the Professional Bowlers Association tour all the seats—1,150 of them—were sold.

Obviously, bowling fans are as rabid as those in other sports. At the Firestone many kept their own score books in which they jotted down the results of each ball thrown by their favorite performers. They did this even though a glance at the electronic scoreboards above each set of lanes provided them with the most thorough scoring breakdown in any sport. But the true bowling buff is as interested in statistics as any nutty devotee of football or baseball, and is quick to let you know that so-and-so has rolled 16 strikes in the past three games or that he has left the four pin standing six times.

The most interesting statistics about bowling to a bowling fan, however, are those that help substantiate the popularity of the game. Last November the Lou Harris pollsters asked people what sports they followed. Right behind the perennial big three—football, baseball and basketball—came bowling. Ned Steckel, producer of the ABC bowling shows, claims that they "always beat golf 2 to 1 in the ratings. And this year we murdered the CBS Golf Classic." Steckel was referring to the Nielsen ratings for Jan. 13, which revealed that 3,050,000 homes per average minute were tuned in to the golf, that 2,980,000 were following the NHL game on NBC and that the Don Carter Bowling Classic equaled the two combined with 6,030,000 homes. What's more, Nielsen has found that for each program there is an average of 1.1 viewers for golf, 2.7 for football and 2.9 for bowling. All of which translates into almost 17.5 million viewers being tuned in to the bowling during any given minute.

To be sure, advertising time for bowling, which sells for \$17,500 a minute, does not approach the \$30,000 to \$75,000



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commanded by the major sports. There are two principal reasons for bowling's cut-rate price. One is that the cost for the rights to broadcast 13 bowling events is only a fraction of what TV pays for football, baseball and basketball games. It also costs less to produce a bowling show. ABC uses almost 200 men and batteries of cameras for a big golf tournament but can cover bowling with five cameras and 30 men.

As for who all those people are who watch all that TV bowling, surveys show that the audience profile tends to be almost identical with that of late-night talk shows: upper-middle class, from larger households, from metropolitan areas and from well-educated families. One of the more esoteric statistics about bowling concerns the postal system and, if nothing else, reveals that bowling fans can, on occasion, demonstrate the extent of their loyalty in a novel way. Two years ago a commemorative bowling envelope was issued. The sales of these covers on the

first day reached 281,242—the highest ever recorded in the U.S.

The PBA was formed 15 years ago by Eddie Elias. In his stable were 33 bowlers, and their first "tour" consisted of three stops—Albany, N.Y., Paramus, N.J. and Dayton—with total purses of \$49,500. But although the PBA now has more than 1,000 members, a tour with some three dozen events and prize money up to \$2 million, the sport—to the chagrin of its devotees—has never managed to attain the star status they believe it deserves. Pro bowlers don't make the covers of the big magazines and they don't get lavish endorsement money. Even top bowlers like Dick Weber, Carmen Salvino, Johnny Petraglia and Don Johnson have hardly become household names, though they are as dominant in their own sport as the Namaths, Chamberlains and Benches are in theirs. Everyone is waiting for just one of those names to be taken in jest by a comedian. Then, surely, bowling will have arrived.

Bowling fans are meanwhile making

clear their desire for more coverage of their sport by flooding ABC with mail, and by writing and calling sports editors to demand more tournament results and stories. At Fairlawn 75 media men from coast to coast showed up at the alleys to cover the tournament, one even being on hand to file stories for *El Mundo*, the Puerto Rican newspaper. And the intensity of the bowling fan's allegiance to his game is illustrated by the story of what happened at last year's Tournament of Champions. During the climax of the competition a man in the stands got a telephone call notifying him that his house was burning down. So he left the lanes and rushed home, right? Wrong. He decided he was enjoying the tournament so much that he stayed right in his seat until the last ball had been rolled. Then he went home to inspect whatever was left of his house. In its own way, bowling has been going like a house afire in recent years—and a lot of people out there have been watching.

END

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An eighth-grader's composition tests the patience of a teacher and the knowledge of a sports fan



Some history books say those giants from the land of the midnight sun, the Vikings, or nordiques, discovered America. They say this took place at about the time the crusaders were going to the Holy Land to recover the Golden Fleece, a valuable rams skin, from the Saracens. The knights, led by kings and cardinals, rode on chargers and had squires and falcons. These fighting saints had to battle terrifying lions and tigers, known in those days as bengals, as well as infidels.

Another group with a lot of saints was the celtics, some of whose chiefs were giants. They wore tams but it is not likely that they discovered America because they were lakereis rather than ocean sailors.

Finally, the Spanish kings wife, Queen Isabella, made Columbus one of her admirals and bought him three ships. She had to sell her jewels to pay the bills. Guided by the north stars and the prayers of his "padres," Columbus discovered

America. His crew of ruffians and pirates were no angels.

Later the Pilgrims, who were descendants of the cavaliers, or long hairs, founded Plymouth Colony. They landed their schooners on some rocks. They left Holland because they did not want their children to speak Dutch or wear knickerbockers.

When the 76ers made the American Revolution, some of the tonies, or royals, said that sea raiders like Captain John Paul Jones and patriots like Tom Paine, author of "the A's of Reason," were British nationals and should be hung as renegades. They said the same about the "canucks" to the north, who preferred to be called Canadiens (the French word for maple leaf).

The British soldiers who came to fight were called redcoats, or lobsters, because they dressed in reds, including red blazers and red socks. The Continentals favored blues but were poor and motley and most of them wore white socks. Af-

ter Commodore Perry reported, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," the rockets red glare showed that the stars and stripes was still there!

In peacetime many Yankees sought fame and fortune before the mast. Some became "oilers of the sea" and like Captain Ahab sailed on whalers searching the horizons for jets of spume that meant "thar she blows!" Other "oilers" worked as codfish and sardine pickers or slaughtered golden seals and penguins. Sometimes the fishermen lost their nets to those troublesome twins of the deep, sharks and dolphins. And if Aeros, the goddess of love, kindled the flames of passion, sailors would "jump ship" to live with the South Sea islanders. There were many merchants and traders wandering around in the ocean storms.

Another way to get rich was to invest a few bucks with the bears and bulls of Wall Street. But you had to know your P's and Q's. There were many artful dodgers who sold risky stocks known

as "high flyers." Quite a few immigrants lost their savings to these steelers and set out across the continent to seek their fortunes as 49ers. Some found gold nuggets in streams.

These trail-blazers had to expose themselves to many perils. Although the Indians were generally friendly, their warriors, or braves, sometimes tangled with the cowboys, who called their wild horses broncos. The braves, who rode pin-tos and phillies, were called "redskins" although their skins were actually different shades of brown.

When ranchers were threatened by fierce raiders like the Apaches and Black Hawks, the rangers were called in. The rangers, armed with repeating colts that fired six bullets, were led by cowboys who carried sabers and rode on spirited ponies called pacers.

The pioneers had to be on the lookout for dangerous beasts, especially rattlers, cougars and mother brums with cubs. The cougars, or wildcats, liked to hide in thickets of evergreens known out West as chaparrals.

Among the birds that travelers saw were eagles, hawks, bluejays, Brewers blackbirds and orioles and cardinals, both of which have red wings.

Today the children of these adventurers cross the continent in jets, some of which are supersonics that do not even have pistons. And spacemen, or astros, ride atop rockets in search of new Americas.

ED: This composition received an F from an eighth-grade teacher named Miss Phalon who noted: "This is a disgraceful and ridiculous paper—poorly organized and full of factual, grammatical and spelling errors. If you would spend less time reading sports magazines, Robert, perhaps you would have learned a little bit about your country's history and geography."

At least Robert knows the names of the 105 major league baseball, football, basketball and hockey teams. Do you? And the hometowns of the clubs? Underline the team names that appear in Robert's essay and just above them write the correct city.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 100

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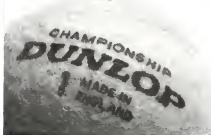


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QUIZ *(continued)*

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San Diego Chargers	Milwaukee Bucks
Virginia Squires	Chicago Bears
Atlanta Falcons	Chicago Bulls
Minn. Fighting Saints	San Diego Q's
Detroit Lions	L. A. Dodgers
Detroit Tigers	Philadelphia Flyers
Cincinnati Bengals	Pittsburgh Steelers
New Orleans Saints	San Francisco 49ers
Boston Celtics	Portland Trail-Blazers
Kansas City Chiefs	Montreal Expos
New York Giants	Cleveland Indians
Memphis Tams	Golden St. Warriors
Los Angeles Lakers	Atlanta Braves
K. C.-Omaha Kings	Dallas Cowboys
Buffalo Bills	Denver Broncos
Minn. North Stars	Buffalo Braves
San Diego Padres	Philadelphia Phillies
Pittsburgh Pirates	Wash. Redskins
California Angels	Cleveland Browns
Cleveland Cavaliers	New York Raiders
N.Y. Knickerbockers	Chi. Black Hawks
Philadelphia 76ers	New York Rangers
Kansas City Royals	Texas Rangers
Oakland Raiders	Baltimore Colts
N. Eng. Patriots	Baltimore Bullets
Oakland A's	Kentucky Colonels
Ottawa Nationals	Buffalo Sabres
Vancouver Canucks	Indiana Pacers
Montreal Canadiens	Carolina Cougars
Toronto Maple Leafs	Boston Bruins
Cincinnati Reds	Chicago Cubs
Philadelphia Blazers	Chicago Cougars
Boston Red Sox	Dallas Chaparrals
St. Louis Blues	Philadelphia Eagles
Chicago White Sox	Atlanta Hawks
New York Mets	Milwaukee Brewers
Denver Rockets	Baltimore Orioles
Utah Stars	St. Louis Cardinals
New York Yankees	Detroit Red Wings
Houston Oilers	Winnipeg Jets
N. Eng. Whalers	Seattle SuperSonics
New York Jets	Detroit Pistons
Alberta Oilers	Houston Astros
Green Bay Packers	Houston Rockets
Calif. Golden Seals	

**"What? Me drive
200 MPH in one of
them liddle biddy cars?
No chance, my friend!"**

— Don Meredith

"Fact is, that Ferrari back there suits me better. See, we're both yellow. Which reminds me: The fastest I ever went in a car was in a yellow cab. It was the morning after an exhibition game one year I think we lost the game, but I had completed eight out of twelve of my warm-up passes on the sidelines. Me and my roommate had been out celebrating, and we slept right through our wake-up call. So we jumped in a cab, handed the guy a big bill, and told him to fly. I'll tell you, it was hard enough just being a passenger in that thing. High-speed driving. Man,

that's tricky business."

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The 1973 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Regency.
Walter Hoving, Chairman of Tiffany's, says it's
a car for people with good design judgment.
Maybe you'll agree. Maybe you won't.
But if you're going to invest \$5,000 or more in
a luxury car, shouldn't you at least come in and see?



"The Ninety-Eight Regency is a car that people with good design judgment will appreciate."

Mr. Hoving may be somewhat prejudiced—his company designed the timepiece facing on the dash, and it bears the Tiffany name. And that fact itself suggests the kind of quality and elegance you may expect in the Ninety-Eight Regency.

The Regency interior is extraordinary. Seat cushions and backs are tailored to create a soft, pillowed effect, like that of fine furniture. Zippered storage pouches are sewn into the front seat backs. And a distinctive

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There are some other American cars that can be considered in Ninety-Eight's class. And most are more expensive. But we don't think they're any more car.

Oldsmobile.

Always a step ahead.



1973 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight.
Drive it and draw your own conclusion.

Hors d'oeuvres for the anxious angler

Early spring can be a dreary time for the California fly-fisherman, but if he keeps a rod handy, herring can light up a dull and chilly day

Dark clouds in the March sky fled south along the top of Inverness Ridge. In bleak reflection below, Tomales Bay reached out, embracing Hog Island, then making its way through treacherous narrows to meet the Pacific at the bottom of Bodega Bay's full curve.

The town of Point Reyes Station lies at the head of the bay near Paper Mill Creek's estuary, and as I traveled toward it on State Highway 1 gusting winds pushed at the old Plymouth. It was no day to think of fishing. Even without harsh weather, March in California is a time of lull for the flycaster. The steelhead season is closed in most rivers and where open it is apt to be unsuitable for fishing because of high water. Black bass are not yet fully active, the stripers remain in the turbid delta and the ocean is generally too rough for rock fishing. It is early for shad, and the trout season has not yet opened.

It was for these reasons as well as some others that I had planned a day of sketching. Several stops evolved: one near Nick's Cove, again at the Marshall Boat Works and finally close to the hamlet of Marshall itself where an old hotel was worthy of attention. Everything seemed slowed under the dull sky before the promise of spring. Scooters and goldeneye ducks bobbed in the chop, an occasional gull swept overhead and bunches of mud hens lunched about absurdly on the exposed tidal flat behind Laughlin's store.

Presently, a field of motion in the sky north of Cypress Point caught my eye. It was a vague shimmer of confetti-like white particles, which through a pair of binoculars became a mass of wheeling gulls and pelicans. They had

to be over herring, which could mean action, excitement—new life in the old day. The sketching had become troublesome anyway, progress at an impasse that only longer consideration in the studio could resolve. So paints and brushes went back into the box. A chance to play was at hand.

To get a closer look it was necessary to drive past the point toward Blake's Landing. As the road skirted a low bluff, there was a place to pull the car over, walk to the edge and survey the scene. Below and for great distances right and left a melee of little Bonaparte's gulls hovered and danced in groups like marionettes whose strings converged underwater rather than overhead. Higher, pelicans soared, veered, then dived with military precision. The herring were being driven within reach of the birds by any number of sea loxes charging through the schools, scattering the little fish like sparks from a grinding wheel.

An otherwise gloomy day had been brought to life by moments reminiscent of those past, when striped bass had been caught amid such turmoil. Time and place changed to become the Gulf Stream, then lower Baga. The fish, unseen beneath the glare, could have been some voracious pelagic species available to the reckless angler. Reality returns. Back here on Tomales Bay how can some fishing be made out of this?

Herring do provide a certain sport. Their appearance in San Francisco Bay, especially along the Sausalito waterfront and in Tomales Bay between Marconi and Miller Park, routes many families out of the house and to the shore for Sunday outings. At Tomales such forays are often combined with cockle digging at

continued

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FISHING continued

low water, shell collecting and picnicking. This family fishing is generally done with a variety of nets, many of ingenious design, or with treble hooks that are cast and then retrieved fast through a school, snagging the herring.

On weekends a large gallery of spectators forms to watch the ritual of the herring run in Sausalito. Tired of seeing endless pounds of the sterling little fish come ashore by the net and bucketful, one may retire to a nearby pub or turn attention to the passing stream of humanity. Bridgeway will be choked to a crawl with a succession of Porsches and Fords and families from Des Moines mingling with a counter-culture that still believes less is more.

One may also find time to pity the poor herring—the universal hors d'oeuvre. Found throughout the oceans of the world in one form or another, it provides forage for innumerable larger species of fish as well as for birds and sea lions. Even the eggs, when spawned upon rocks, pilings and seaweed, are eaten by gulls as the tide recedes. Then there are the tons of the fish that are netted each year for commercial use. Many fishermen have observed a decline in the number of herring along the California coast. This is a serious matter to anglers, the herring being a primary source of food for larger game fish such as striped bass and Pacific salmon.

While standing at my vantage point on the bluff, none of these protective considerations entered my mind. Angling did. A search of the car's trunk turned up a fly rod and a reel spooled with a Dacron line. It was a steelhead outfit and too heavy for catching 10-inch fish under ordinary circumstances but it would do just fine on this blowy day. Some small silver shad flies dug up from under the debris in the glove compartment completed the rig.

Then prepared, I slid down the bank, climbed out on a rock and made a tentative cast. Something tapped the fly immediately. Then came a steady pull, not heavy but the fish was courageous in its struggle, and I had my first fly-caught herring. They hit readily and jumped better than trout, more like the minnowlike tarpon they are. Not only was catching them fun, but the whole scene was alive with the action of nature. Just the sounds alone were as consuming as a river rap-

id that merges all into one song. The steady north wind rhythmically pushed wavelets against shore while gulls screamed and sea lions barked. Then, quite suddenly, the wind picked up and the day turned even colder. It became difficult to cast, so I quit, content with the unexpected fishing.

Like shad, herring run earlier at the southern end of their range and later in the north. And the weather is not always as bleak as it was this day. Along the Pacific Coast, especially in northern California, there are many beautiful days throughout winter and spring. Herring enter San Francisco Bay as early as the end of November but may not spawn until January, February or March. There are usually some in Tomales Bay by December, precipitating an occasional heavy feeding spree among the local striped-bass population.

But March is the best month. This is when spawning activity is near its peak and the weather is apt to be pleasant. In size the fish will vary from eight to 12 inches, larger than the average put-and-take trout found in California streams. In areas where growth is rapid, as in some parts of Alaska, herring often exceed a pound, which means about 18 inches in length.

Plankton eaters, herring respond best to flies with glitter rather than those designed to be some particular food imitation. I have caught them on size 14 hooks up to four, though the smaller flies are best for obvious reasons.

The water near shore is usually less than six feet deep, so it is possible to cast to an area where fish are to be seen dimpling the surface, the fly is retrieved without bothering to let it sink. The most suitable tackle is the same as for small trout. It is the fishing, not the fighting of the fish, that is the point, but light tackle is most appropriate just the same. There will be no tugging with lunkers; line will not be stripped from a screaming reel.

In pursuit of larger, more difficult game a different dimension of sport arises, one that certainly provides excitement but also implies competition, if not with other anglers, then with the powerful quarry itself. When the prey is as small as a herring there can be only the purest—and hardly insignificant—fishing moments. **END**

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SAM GOLSON THREW JAVELIN 366' 8" BUT BENNY BROWN RAN THROUGH JAYHAWKS, VOLS



This UCLA team is going for No. 3

The Bruins crushed highly ranked Kansas and Tennessee in a triangular meet to take dead aim on their third straight national collegiate title

It was a fairly momentous week in and around the Greater Los Angeles area. UCLA won its seventh straight basketball title. Bill Walton decided to pursue his studies in history. *The Godfather* beat out the Bruin highlight film for the Oscar. And the UCLA track team defeated Tennessee and Kansas, the respective prospective champs of the Southeastern and Big Eight Conferences, indicating that a third straight NCAA title was in reach if not in hand.

Jim Bush, the UCLA coach, had predicted that Saturday's unprecedented meet would rank up there with such local spectacles as Cecil B. deMille's recreation of the crossing of the Red Sea and be no way as one-sided. It was a rout. By triangular meet scoring, UCLA took 14 of the 18 possible first places to amass 108 points to 44 for Tennessee and 40 for Kansas. By triple dual scor-

ing, UCLA beat Tennessee 113-41 and Kansas 113½ to 40½, and Kansas defeated Tennessee 83-67.

Moreover, the Bruins did it against two teams Bush says are among the top five in the nation while pulling their punches and utilizing more youngsters than the Vienna Boys Choir. Of the 14 firsts, which included both the 440 and mile relays, 10½ were attained by underclassmen, who accounted for 77½ points in the triangular scoring.

It is more than a modest triumph of aliteration to say that the best of the Bush babies is Benny Brown, a quarter-miler from Sunnyvale who seems destined to carry on the UCLA tradition of such great one-lap runners as world-record holder John Smith (44.5) and Olympic silver medalist Wayne Collett (44.7). Brown, a sophomore who scratched from his specialty when he dis-

covered that Tennessee's classy Darwin Bond was out of action with a sore groin muscle, won the 220 in a wind-aided 20.9. He also made up two yards on the second leg of the 440-relay and turned in a 46.9 third leg on the Bruins' mile-relay team, which was clocked in 3:10.5 and plans to improve sufficiently to win the event in the NCAA championships for the fifth year in a row.

Bush is convinced that Brown will break the world record in the quarter mile before the end of his senior year, with a sub-44 mark. For a kid who finished no better than sixth in the California state high school championships, the prediction seems brashly optimistic until you recall that John Smith finished fifth in his state high school championship meet and that Brown was third in last year's NCAAAs, running 45.3 for 400 meters.

"Benny right now is ahead of any of them at the same stage," Bush said after a team practice Thursday. "He's capable of running in the 44s this year. He's strong and he has a burning desire to excel. I've really studied the quarter and know what is necessary to run it in 45 seconds or less. That's a fairly fast sprint for that distance, and to do it you've got to pay the price. We start weight training the last week in September, when there are no track meets to look forward to for four months, and we work at it five days a week. That's tough, to work at it like that, but it pays off later in the season. The key to the 440 is relaxation, so that a runner can carry a fast pace over a long distance. It's hard to run all-out for 100 yards without tying up, so you can't go all-out, but you've got to go fast. The whole thing is relaxation, and it takes the entire fall and winter to teach it."

Thursday's practice was a busy one for the Bruins and not a very relaxing one for Bush, who said that UCLA could win the national championship again this season (joining Tennessee and Kansas in his top five are USC, Oregon and UCLA). "This could be the best team we've had yet," he said, "but to win it you've got to stay healthy and you've got to be lucky."

You can imagine his dismay then when, no more than five minutes after he spoke, Brown was involved in a freakish collision with Maxie Parks, another blue-chip 440 prospect. During a baton pass, Brown caught a spike in a ragged section of the artificial track, stumbled and

continued

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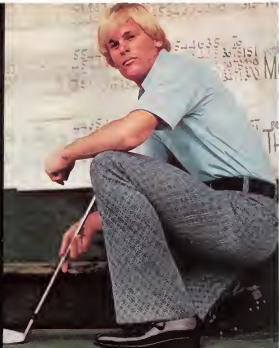
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hanged his knee painfully after spiking Parks in the left heel. Both fell to the track. After his knee was treated, Brown returned to run a 330 in 34.3, but the effort left him limping. Parks needed three stitches. Bush needed a tall Scotch and water.

Neither of the athletes was noticeably hurting Saturday, however. For his part, Parks ran a leg on the sprint relay and led UCLA to a 1-2-3 finish in the 440 with a 46.8. Figuring fate had been kind enough, Bush held Parks out of the mile relay.

But Bush had other cause for cheer besides the survival of his quarter-milers. Jim Salcedo, a freshman running three miles for the first time, triumphed in 13:52.6 when he unleashed a 58.6 last lap to beat Tennessee's Roberto Lenarduzzi. In a steeplechase won easily by the Vols' Olympian, Doug Brown, in 8:51.4, Gordon Innes, another UCLA freshman, shattered the school record with a third-place 8:55.8. UCLA also got 20 points out of a possible 33 in the weights, as Dave Schiffer improved his personal best to 6'07 1/2 in the shotput and Roger Freiberg, second in the shot at 59' 5", took the decus with a throw of 189' 10". James McAlister, the football halfback, won the long jump with a wind-aided 25' 6 1/2". In the pole vault François Tracandell, the French national record holder, cleared 17' 5", his highest mark ever competing as a Bruin, and Harry Freeman equaled the Drake Stadium record and led another 1-2-3 UCLA finish when he triple-jumped 53' 1".

The best performance of the meet, however, belonged to Sam Colson of Kansas, a left-handed javelin thrower who took up the event after a brief fling as a baseball pitcher succeeded in proving nothing quite so much as the fact that he was wild.

The previous week Colson threw the spear 290' 10" against Alabama, the third longest toss in U.S. history and, if you must, the longest ever by a southpaw. His best throw Saturday was 288' 8", a stadium record, although he was bothered a trifle by the runway and vexed no little by erroneously placed flags.

"I felt pretty good," said Colson, the son of a retired Mankato, Kans. wheat farmer. "The area here is O.K. except for the runway. I had three throws better than 260, but I wasn't nearly as consistent as I was at Alabama. I might have put more into it, but they said the

first flag was at 290 feet and the second at 300. I was well over them both, but when they measured them they found the flags were way off."

Colson, who stands 6' 5" and weighs 265, hopes to go to law school next year, a prospect he says will help his chances for the 1976 Olympics. "As for throwing over 300 feet or something," he said, "I can't say. Every time I've predicted long throws, I can't do them."

Tennessee won the NCAA cross-country championship last November, and, like Kansas, the Vols probably have a better track team than was evidenced against the formidable depth of the Bruins. Stan Huntsman's squad, however, is still recovering from the loss of Tony Wilson, a 7' 1 1/2" high jumper who died suddenly of spinal meningitis on March 12. A team captain, he was the brother of Singer Nancy Wilson.

"That affected everyone on the team," said Trevor James, a sprinter from Trinidad. "That got to us all, coaches and athletes alike. For a while, we didn't even know if we had a track team."

"Kids this young have a hard time relating to death," said Huntsman. "Especially when it's one of their own."

Tennessee's other first place came from Wilbur Hawkins, who won the 880 in 1:50.7 to beat teammate Willie Thomas, the NCAA champion, by a 10th of a second. Thom Garrison, yet another Vol, finished third in 1:51. By that time, however, UCLA had scored 45 points through 11 events to 27 for Kansas and 26 for Tennessee, and it was brutally certain that the only disappointment Bush would suffer was the meet attendance of 1,671—a lamentable turnout that he blames on the dearth of pre-meet publicity offered by the *Los Angeles Times*.

On the Monday preceding the meet, Bush spoke at an L.A. track writers' meeting and said, "To get both of these teams to come out here, we've had to give each of them a pretty good guarantee. If we filled the stadium, we'd still lose money but we think we're giving the fans of Southern California a real spectacle, so if you could give us some publicity, we'd appreciate it."

The *Times* responded with a few small-type lines on Tuesday and an advance story on Saturday morning that ran on page seven, next to the weather map, which may go to show that the sports editor is either clairvoyant or a USC alumnus.

END

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To find out who shot what when at Augusta, just ask Bill Inglish



IT STARTED WITH HOGAN VS. SNEAD

There are lots of happy people in Augusta, Ga. this week—happy because it is spring, because the dogwood looks nice and because golf is in the air everywhere. But no one is happier than Bill Inglish, a mild-mannered 56-year-old newspaperman from Oklahoma City. Inglish is on a mission in Augusta—to record history as it is being made—and as he sees it his mission is also his reward.

To Bill Inglish history reveals itself in numbers, numbers such as 124, Sam Snead's total Masters rounds, or 73 19, Byron Nelson's Masters stroke average, or 3,722, the strokes Jack Nicklaus has used in 14 Masters tournaments. Every time a golf ball is struck this week, history, for Inglish, will be altered. The data he collects at Augusta National will wind up a year from now, just as it has for the past 10 years, bound into a slim white booklet that is distributed to the press corps. *The Masters Tournament, Scoring Records and Statistics, 1934-1977* is so that event what *The Little Red Book* is to baseball: that is, the authoritative source for records both noteworthy and negligible, that have emerged from the 39-year-old tournament. It is the product of a year of careful work in moments filched from the otherwise routine life of a modest, bread-winning, Middle American father of four. "I start on it right after the tournament—well, during it actually. I can't wait. I mail the first draft to Augusta about a month later, but I double-check it all year, anytime I'm home, looking for something I might add to it." The final proofs are sent back to Inglish at the end of each year for a last look, and once they are checked his preparation for the next Masters begins, accompanied by a gradually increasing fever of foot-tapping anticipation.

His Masters project evolved from a curiosity about the U.S. Open some 20 years ago. "I began wondering about the Open scoring records of Snead and Hogan, how they compare even though Snead had never won," Inglish says. "One thing I found out was that Snead had never scored well in the last round. By 'well' I mean he had never shot better than 70. While I was doing that I jotted down the records of 35 or 40 other players. By the time I finished I'd gotten pretty far afield and I didn't know what to do with it all. So I sent it to the USGA. Then I began to wonder

how Snead and Hogan would compare in the Masters, and the first thing I knew I had myself another project. When I was finished it sat around, not doing anybody any good, so I mailed it off to Mr. Roberts."

Clifford Roberts, the benevolent despot behind the massively efficient Masters organization, had never heard of Bill Inglish in 1963 but he recognized a bargain when he saw one. "You must have seen a lot of Masters," Roberts wrote back. "Of course I hadn't seen any," says Inglish, "nor did I expect I ever would." But after Roberts had checked the Inglish figures against the club's own and found them sound, he published the first edition in 1964 and in 1966 invited the author to Augusta as a guest of the tournament.

Before the appearance of Bill Inglish's booklet there was remarkably little for Masters fans to work with: just a small green handbook containing the round-by-round scores of the top 24 finishers each year and a section of believe-it-or-not-style oddities. Inglish fills in the gaps with categories such as his "Composite Table of Pacesetters," a listing of the 52 golfers who have led or been tied for the lead after any of the first three rounds of the tournament, how many times they have led, after which round and in which years. Arnold Palmer's domination of the tournament in the late '50s and early '60s leaps out of the numbers: he led three times after 18 holes, six times after 36, five times after 54 and won four times. A footnote to the table points out that four champions—Doug Ford, Art Wall, Gay Brewer and George Archer—have never been pacesetters at all. There is also meat for a couple of lifetimes of trivia games. For instance, "Best Round by First-Year [Foreign] Player, 68 by Takaaki Kono of Japan, 1969." Or "The average age for all 36 champions is 32.19 years."

Several things set Bill Inglish apart from the stereotypical statistician. His movements and speech are unhurried, his work space is comfortably cluttered at all times and he never uses an adding machine. Most notably, though, he has also been a first-rate athlete, a scratch golfer educated in the classic tradition—caddying at nine on the baked fairways and sand greens of Sapulpa, Okla., playing 300 rounds a year in his teens and being No. 1 on his high school and junior college teams. The only instruction

continued

A man in a camouflage shirt and a hat with a fishing lure on it is shown in profile, smoking a cigarette. He is holding a lighter in his hand. A mirror is attached to a tree trunk on the left side of the frame.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Regular: 81 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '72.

Turn your AM Car Radio into AM-FM

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You get your money's worth with

MOTOROLA

SOMETHING ELSE in sound on wheels

GOLF continued

he ever had was what he picked up by skipping school to hitchhike the 15 miles from Sapulpa to Tulsa every time an exhibition was scheduled. By sneaking onto the course he watched the likes of Tommy Armour, Horton Smith, Joe Kirkwood and Walter Hagen.

As the golfer was taking shape, so was the statistician. "As far back as I can remember, I collected dates and scores and newspaper stories, first on golf but later on baseball and basketball, too." As a 13-year-old he ranked all the golfers in town and kept records on the high school team. Although he never discussed his figures with anyone, once in a while he could not resist showing off a little. "Somebody would say, 'So and so is a better golfer than so and so,' and I'd say, 'Not really. But of course I'm just going by what they've shot this year.'"

Inglish grins at the memory of his juvenile vanity. Even today he is not the kind of man to shut off a conversation with an irrefutable figure, unless, of course, someone asks him to. His golf talk is thoughtful and exudes quiet authority. On Byron Nelson: "He could put the ball anywhere with his driver. I did a project on him once, researching 1945 round by round. People say that Nelson had no competition when he won 11 straight tournaments that year, but he averaged 67.7 for his final rounds during the streak. Nobody could stand up against that."

Ben Hogan: "I've always been fascinated by his ability as a strategist. He was right nine times out of 10 and he never deviated from his plan."

Jack Nicklaus: "He's sure the best now. He is interesting because he finessees the ball much more than most people realize. He's not all power. I think Jones maybe was better but they are difficult to compare because Jones played so few tournaments."

Arnold Palmer: "I don't like to see him suffer with his putting. I hope he wins again, but I can't watch him. I was always a terrible putter."

In real life Inglish is telegraph editor of the Oklahoma City Times, a job that gets him up at 4:45 in the morning and requires him to read something like 18,000 words of news wire copy a day. It was during his last year at the University of Oklahoma, when he was sports editor of the school's daily, that he decided to become a newspaperman. After

graduating from OU he held jobs on papers in Muskogee and Holdenville before settling down in Oklahoma City in 1946. He says he never seriously considered trying the professional golf tour because the life was hard in those days and he never really thought he was good enough. But he gives himself away when he says, "It was always a matter of getting time and money together and I never could get them both at once. Long ago I decided I'd have to be content with hacking around local courses and playing in a local tournament now and then."

For a man who is so thoroughly an Oklahoman that he refers to the entire state with a fling of an arm or a thumb as "up there," "over there" and "out there," a trip to Georgia for a week in the spring is not something undertaken lightly. He makes use of every waking minute, walking the course on Tuesday looking over the changes made in the past year, and on Wednesday watching the par-3 tournament and checking out the practice tee for interesting newcomers. At 9:30 on Thursday morning he is among the hundred or so spectators who pay their respects to the two old Scots, Jock Hutchison, 88, and Freddy McLeod, 90, who officially get things under way. During the tournament he divides his time between the course, where he follows whoever interests him at the moment ("I always used to try to watch Hogan and Charlie Cot. I liked to see where they put the ball. I figure where they are is where you should be"), and the press room, where he finds himself a chair close to the huge scoreboard and watches the numbers go up. "That's where I get my ideas. I take notes on anything unusual, but mainly I watch." He sits in on the press interviews with each day's leaders in the afternoons, and in the evenings, after dinner in the clubhouse, he returns to his lodgings near the course "to sort of digest the day."

When it is all finally over the Sunday and the dust has settled on the empty parking lots and the sun has dropped behind the fifth fairway and the only people left on the grounds are the last few writers in the Quonset hut press room, working to make their deadlines, Bill Inglish of Oklahoma City will still be in his chair up near the scoreboard, taking notes, prolonging for a little while longer the pleasure of being where he is, and watching history emerging from the numbers.

END

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Roof rack optional.

It's Not The Game



... but how you play it, as Joe Garagiola found out many years ago. A past master at baseball broadcasting, he moved on to hosting television contests, where his winning way and bald jokes have made him a celebrity

by FRANK DEFORD



CONTINUED



He is, appropriately and always, just Joe. He is recognized wherever he goes and, as with other celebrities, people want to touch him and get his autograph and pose for pictures with him. But unlike other celebrities he reminds people of someone they know: an uncle who moved to Tacoma, or a guy at the office, or the butcher, or just the nice man with the big smile at the bus stop every morning. Joe Garagiola reminds everybody of somebody. "He is Mr. Everyman," says a television colleague, Frank McGee. Garagiola *is* with America (America's word nowadays for that sort of thing), rather than descending upon it as other celebrities do.

"Joe is Rockefeller Center's anchor to the working class," says Stuart Schulberg, the *Tuesday* show producer. He is the good guy next door who rotates his tires, enjoys a cold beer, attends the church of his choice and buys raffle tickets and Girl Scout cookies from neighbors. But he is not just Ozzie and Harriet: he spells his name funny, has no hair to speak of and could never hit a curveball. Joe Garagiola failed at something he wanted very much, and he is bald.

Al Fleishman is a St. Louis adman who was instrumental in getting Garagiola his first job in broadcasting. One evening not long ago Fleishman watched Garagiola being honored, a part-time .250 hitter sitting stage center while some of the greatest names in baseball spread out around him on the dais like mere spear carriers. "Will you look at that dago up there, the toast of America?" Fleishman said. "His father and mother could not speak English. Can you imagine that? But right now Joe Garagiola is closer to the soul of this country than anyone."

Few people in baseball appreciate what has happened to Garagiola. Within the lodge he still often is dismissed as Yogi Berra's funny friend who ended up a better announcer than player. Garagiola himself seems content to subscribe to that. It has been five years since he broadcast a game, but it is a point of pride with him, one he keeps bringing up, that he is the only run-of-the-mill player ever to make it big as a national baseball broadcaster. It does not appear to have occurred to him that this is now only an incidental footnote to his career.

Although Garagiola left *Today* last January with a weepy two-hour valedictory

after being associated with the show for more than a decade, he retains plenty of other windows on America. He pushes Dodge cars, home loans for Associates First Capital and a new cooking device named Crock-Pot. "If people see Joe cooking with Crock-Pot, they'll know it's O.K. and anybody can do it," says Al Coleman, the product's account executive. Garagiola also broadcasts a network radio sports commentary 10 times a week, and he takes on as many banquets as he feels like handling—at \$5,000 a pop or for nothing (he has only two prices). He is a guest star and host and panelist and a guest-star-host-panelist on everything from *To Tell the Truth* to *Tamale*. Although he abandoned *Today*, Garagiola still plays the second game of his old NBC morning doubleheader by emceeing *Sale of the Century*, a daily game show. Baseball and daytime TV are two disparate national pastimes; only Garagiola has found a major role in both.

Still, he says, "I'd rather be a .300 hitter in the big leagues than anything," and you can believe that. Everything else is only a consolation prize. Joe Garagiola's American Dream was written in just one place—on the back of a bubble-gum card. When his buddy Yogi made the Hall of Fame, Garagiola was seen standing in the crowd on a Cooperstown street, a camera hung around his neck and tears rolling down his cheeks.

In his office at NBC Garagiola has hung one baseball picture: it is a sequence showing him dropping a pop fly. That is in keeping with his line, of course. But while Garagiola's stock-in-trade has been his credibility, the thing above all that got him where he is was his lying about how bad a player he was. He was not much good, really, but then he was not bad. He hit .316 in the 1946 World Series, when he was only 20 and just out of the Army. He followed that with some rocky years, but started off 1950 like a house afire. He seemed a mature catcher who had finally arrived; he was hitting .347 into June and had a lock on the All-Star team.

Handsome is as handsome does. In the 1946 Series, Joe never looked better. His antics amused Howie Pollet (center) and Eddie Dyer.



Then, in a game against the Dodgers, Garagiola bunted and Jackie Robinson moved over to cover first. Robinson could not find the base with his foot and started fishing for it as Garagiola bore down on him. Robinson's foot was in the runner's path—and fair game—but in an effort to avoid spooking him Garagiola took some desperately odd baby steps, tripped and fell hard on his shoulder. By the time he got out of the hospital another catcher had made the All-Star team and Garagiola was not going to hit .347 ever again.

He began to ricochet around the league: a trade, a throw-in, a waiver. Still, when he decided to retire, he was coming off a .280 year and had been offered a nice raise to return. When all the jokes are done, when all the foul pops have been dropped again, Garagiola makes this point: "Look, I was still in demand when I left." He wants to get that on the record.

He took a cut of several thousand dollars and went to work for Anheuser-Busch, making speeches and handling color broadcasting for the Cardinals. Garagiola figured he had enough anecdotes—one advantage of being traded so often is that you get to know players on all the teams—to get by at first, which would give him a grace period to bring his diction, grammar and speaking voice up to professional standards. If not, he always figured he could sell cars.

The character that Garagiola turned into a national institution is a natural enough extension of the real man, but make no mistake: it is the end product of clever planning and diligent industry. From the time he ruined his shoulder, Garagiola began keeping voluminous files on players and practicing announcing with a tape recorder. While at Anheuser-Busch he would agree to give a speech if a crowd so much as gathered for an automobile accident. The closer one gets to St. Louis the more the tales of Garagiola's enterprise compete, in melodrama, with those of the young Abe Lincoln. Garagiola remains a thorough worker. "A damned fine interviewer," Barbara Walters says of him. He still likes to arrive in a new town a couple of days before he gives a speech—he often turns local issues into fresh jokes—but by now that effort is superfluous since everybody knows that he is com-

ing in at five big ones plus expenses and at that point the crowd starts laughing before he says anything funny.

Still, with all his negotiable facets, Garagiola continues to run scared. Long after he was earning well into six figures he would scuffle for any new job, go home to Scarsdale exhausted after a 14-hour day and moan to his wife Audine, "They're nipping at me. They're nipping, honey. They're getting closer." Maybe no one who grew up in the Depression and was sold for the straight waiver price ever can feel comfortable.

Says Garagiola: "I believe whoever wrote this was right: 'Once you're poor, you're never rich.' Audine disagrees. She thinks you can restructure yourself, but I don't think you can, however much you have, for however long. I can't handle money. I depend completely on Audine for that. A guy with a truck full of zircos could back up to the house and I'd pay for it in a hurry."

Otherwise, Garagiola is a most adaptable man. His wife recalls that although playing baseball was the very essence of his being, there was never any looking back once he decided to retire. He shifts roles easily. At banquets he is close to a stand-up comedian, while on *Sale of the Century* he appears affable, even avuncular, issuing modest attempts at humor only when it is necessary to calm someone or ease an embarrassment. An amalgamation of these two types emerged on *Today*.

"Oh, Joe's beloved," says Producer Schulberg in the same offhand way he might say, "Oh, Joe's got brown eyes." One day when he stumbled out of bed at the usual 4:30 a.m. Garagiola forgot to put on his wedding ring. On a commercial that morning there was a close-up of his hands, and in the week that followed he received several letters expressing the fond hope that everything was still all right with the missus in the Garagiola household.

Even a decade ago, when Garagiola was almost strictly a baseball broadcaster, polls showed he had a large female constituency. "I've never been interested

continued

Soon Garagiola was in the soap; only his parents seemed proud of him. But former friend Yogi always has embraced him warmly.



THE GAME continued

in the sports nut," Garagiola says. "I've got him to start with. I've always gone after the fringe guy or the ladies." Now the pendulum has swung the other way, and his long-ago baseball career hooks in a few stray men. His daytime TV fans tolerate his baseball as an idiosyncrasy, much as they once forgave Arthur Godfrey for buzzing airport towers, and they even roar with programmed delight when Garagiola tells obtuse baseball jokes. There they are, grandmothers and nuns, chuckling as much at "Well, I hit higher than the area code," as at "Somebody put Nair in my Brylcreem."

Garagiola has honed his routine so sharply that he is assured laughs just by mentioning certain code words. Yogi, for instance. Berra has become in Garagiola dialogues a category existing apart from baseball, a figure he uses as George Burns did Grace Allen. His own baseball exploits, in contrast, are primarily a matter of self-denigration, similar to Woody Allen's bemoaning his

sexual failures; the mention of his athletic feats gets Garagiola the kind of laughs that Jack Benny draws by saying "violin." Garagiola works his bald head as Bob Hope does his nose or Phyllis Diller her face. And as a final weapon in his comic arsenal, Garagiola turns to growing-up material, in the fashion of Sam Levenson or Bill Cosby.

He studies other comedians as carefully as he ever did pitchers, and he knows his territory: topical references are confined to the latest in familiar television commercials. Garagiola leans easily toward baseball analogy. "In the banquet business your legs go first," he says winking. "I tell my kids that you should go through life as a pinch hitter. Don't worry about not playing. Just be ready when you get the chance." He views each television appearance as "a time at bat" and finds specific comparisons between managing and being a game-show host. "Once you've worked one game you're always in demand," he ex-

plains. "It's like when Jimmy Dykes or Frankie Frisch automatically were offered every new managing job."

In point of fact, there are nearly as many game shows on television as there are major-league teams. Garagiola has hosted three different ones in recent seasons. But game shows offer more action and variety than baseball. There are the party games, such as *To Tell the Truth* and *The Newlywed Game*; the pricing games like *Let's Make a Deal* and *The New Price Is Right*; the program games featuring celebrities, such as *Hollywood Squares* and *Password*; and the seven cerebral games: *Jeopardy*, *Who, What or Where*, *Gambit*, *The Joker's Wild*, *Three on a Match*, *Split Second* and *Sale of the Century*.

Safe with Garagiola, is matched at 11 a.m. EST against *Gambit*, which comes out of Los Angeles on CBS. A man named Wink Martindale is the host of *Gambit*, and he is to Garagiola what Harry Chitt used to be (if you do not un-

continued

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Give it body. After towel drying your hair, rub in some Dep for Men Styling Gel. Its non-grease formula gives hair a thicker, fuller look. Then comb your hair against the grain and semidry it with the Remington 600.

Now style it. The Remington 600 Super Hand-Held Dryer features 600 power-packed watts for rapid drying, plus two speeds — one for fast drying and one for styling, three attachments — two combs for styling and one brush for shaping, and it's thermo-

statically controlled to prevent overheating. When shaping your hair, with a Remington 600, the basic stroke (with the brush attachment) is to lift your hair from the underside, turn it around and down, until your hair is nearly dry. Now,

depending on the kind of hair you have, utilize one of the following techniques:

Curly hair: Work on each curly section separately, pulling against the curl while holding the end with one hand.

Wavy hair: Hold your Remington 600 at the crest of the wave, then turn under, pull against the wave and finish the stroke.

Straight hair: Lift hair a section at a time from the underside and hold the Remington 600 at the roots for a few seconds. Finish the stroke by making hair stand straight up.

After you've done one of these steps, switch to the comb attachment and finish combing your hair the way you want it.

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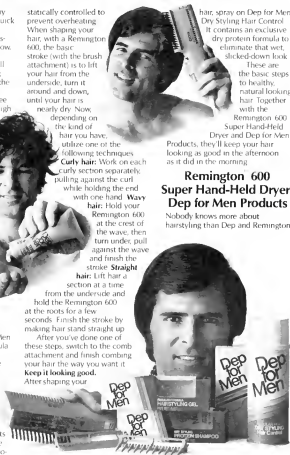
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THE GAME

derstand that, just go on to the next question.) *Sale* is on a higher intellectual plane than *Gambit*, but *Gambit* has more gimmicks and a slight edge in the standings, uh, ratings. As any game-show connoisseur knows, the programs out of New York are more mentally demanding than those from Los Angeles. The West Coast shows tend to be flashier, there is a lot of kissing and hugging. Contestants usually slobber over the emcee when they win. On *Gambit* there is a female assistant whose major function appears to be offering herself up to the winning husband to kiss. There is considerably more dignity on *Sale of the Century*. Nobody ever kisses Joe.

Garagiola is as loyal to game shows as he is to the game of baseball. "Many people ask me, 'How can you possibly do a game show?'" They want me to know that they consider such a thing beneath them. I'm used to this. I've listened to the same kind of sophisticated stuff before, people who would say they wouldn't be caught dead at a baseball game. Well, fine. I'm not out to convert the world to baseball or to game shows. But don't try to impress me by being snobbish about it. The guy who sneers at *Sale of the Century* is probably the same guy who devotes hours to watching football."

People talk about those football fans and of a sports boom in this country, and yet in the course of a year as many people watch game shows on network TV as watch sporting events. But does anybody say this country is having a game-show boom? There are no game-show pages in the newspaper. There is no *Whole World of Game Shows*. There is not, alas, even a *Game Shows Illustrated*. Yet games, as Garagiola knows better than anyone, are just games.

Baseball was Garagiola's vehicle to fame and fortune so, not surprisingly, he is an unabashed booster of the sport. He snorts at the mention of iconoclasts like Jim Bouten, and he spoke ardently on behalf of the reserve clause and the baseball establishment in the Curt Flood case. Yet he knows well enough how glibly and mean the sport can be.

He is a prized St. Louis commodity now, but in his playing days his neighbors could be so vicious when he performed poorly as a Cardinal that once, after a bad day, he had for hours in a movie theater. Another time, after be-

continued



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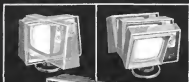
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THE GAME (continued)

ing booted potently, he hit a stand-up double, and when he came into second, he slood there, a grown man, a major-leaguer, and sobbed, tears rolling down his cheeks while the shortstop held the ball and stared in wonder.

Garagiola both entered and left baseball's playing ranks under circumstances that might have clouded another man's thoughts about the game. He feels certain that the Cardinals signed him—for \$500, a figure he suggested himself since it was the amount left on the family mortgage—instead of Berra despite the fact that Branch Rickey of the Cardinals suspected Berra was the better prospect. Shortly after the signing in 1941 Rickey left to take over the Dodgers, where he promptly tried to sign Berra, proof again, as Rickey once said, that "luck is the residue of design." Unluckily for Rickey, Berra had committed himself to the Yankees a few days before.

Garagiola's career ended soon after the Cubs waived him to the Giants for \$10,000 in September 1954, even though he had informed Chicago that he would not play another year, and the Cubs had promised not to dump him as a lame duck on another team. Stunned, and by one account "nearly hysterical" at this display of deceit, Garagiola contacted Giant Owner Horace Stoneham, who yelled for Commissioner Ford Frick, who quietly but forcefully ordered the Cubs to take Garagiola back at the end of the season for the same \$10,000 since they had flimflammed from the Giants.

Joe himself has suffered the charge that he has used his friend Berra—in effect, created a funny come figure that does not really exist—to further his career. But Garagiola stoutly maintains that he never has made up or even embellished a Berrasmian. There is no need to, he claims, when truth is goofier than fiction. Garagiola says that real Berra remarks are easy to spot—they are not dumb, just angled off-center—and argues that it is others who have fabricated Yogi quotations. Garagiola did ghostwrite one classic baseball line, but it was said to Berra, not by him.

In 1964, when Yogi was managing the Yankees and Garagiola was a play-by-play man, Joe went to Phil Linz, a bench-warming infielder, and suggested that Linz say to Berra: "Play me or keep me." Linz did, and has been cited ever since as a humorist. Now that the

(continued)

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THE GAME continued

record has been corrected, Lize can lay claim only to being the first designated pinch quipper.

At 47, Garagiola is a trim man who wears well the scores of suits he must own for his business. Since he has been bald for so long, he has an ageless quality about him. The Garagiolas have a large house in the suburbs, a vacation home in Florida and other good things large amounts of money can buy, but Joe is neither ostentatious nor vain. If he were, he would wear a toupee. Indeed, he has succeeded because he has been willing to be exactly himself.

It may seem hard to believe, but when Garagiola first started broadcasting Cardinal games in 1955, August Busch received some stiff protest mail: "How can you hire a wop?" "Couldn't you find an American?" That sort of stuff. As recently as 1952, Garagiola could not rent an apartment in Pittsburgh because he was Italian. Ethnic identity was not fashionable then, but Garagiola always flaunted his heritage. In retrospect, the smartest things he ever did were to be Italian and bald. His views and values are fairly traditional—he says sarcastically he served as *Today's* "Midwest Catholic conservative"—but they do not fit into any dogmatic niche so much as they are molded by his enthusiasm and optimism. "Don't label me a hardhat," he says, which is fair enough since the hardhat brand of conservatism is often better and selfish. Garagiola views himself as Exhibit A of great American success stories and perhaps for that reason his attitudes about the world are generous and hopeful. He does not see himself as being the last one out of the melting pot.

He must be on guard because he is among the most visible and most representative Italian-Americans in the nation, and thus he is propositioned by all sorts of groups purporting to have Italian affiliations. He refuses to play ball just because somebody waves a green, white and red flag in his face. He speaks harshly of *The Godfather*, nailing it as "a sellout"; the producers, he believes, bootlegged the honor of Italians and the Roman Catholic Church to the Mafia peddlers.

Garagiola is considered by some a knee-jerk Catholic, an image that stems from the fact that he deals openly with his religion, referring to it in the same

continued



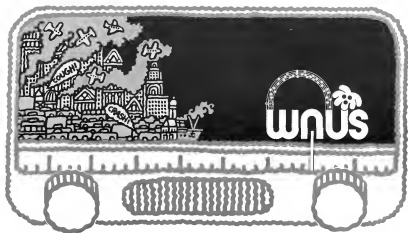
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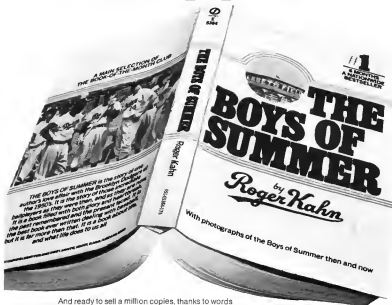
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THE GAME *continued*

easy way he does to the other things in his life. In contrast with most TV stars, it seems that he is dressed in clerical robes. He is an active churchman, but there is more to it than that. "If there are 53 Catholics, I'm a \$1.98," he says. "I don't buy everything. Since I was a child I've worried about the contradictions. I was talking to a parish priest right after Cardinal Cooke attacked the Supreme Court's abortion ruling. I said, 'Well, it only took him a day to do that. Why was it 10 years before anybody in the Chancery made any statements about what America was doing in Vietnam?'"

"But I have my own prayers. Before a speech I ask God to keep the fear in my stomach and off my tongue. And I believe there's a saint of the siren. Let me explain. There must be a couple of guys up there with nothing to do all day. Maybe they need part-time work. Whenever I hear a siren or see an ambulance or a fire engine go by, I pray that one of those guys who isn't busy will take over and be the saint of the siren, looking out for whoever is in trouble."

Perhaps there is a saint of baldness, too, for Garagiola's baldness is heaven-sent. Huge corporations, politicians, actresses, even small countries, spend years searching and paying through the nose for an identifiable trademark—and Garagiola has fallen heir to one. Adlai Stevenson and Khrushchev are dead, Melvin Laird has retired, Yul Brynner is out of fashion, and so many others have gone to toupees or transplants. Joe Garagiola may be the last famous bald man on earth. He regularly receives mail from mothers, brides and sweethearts urging him to write a balding loved one and assure him that he, too, can overcome this cursed mark. "I've had to become an Ann Landers," Joe says. It is getting tougher all the time, being bald. When short hair was in vogue, the difference between crew cuts and no cuts was negligible. And in those days bald guys could always wear hats. Now a hat is just a giveaway. Nobody else wears them but baseball players—on the diamond.

Wherever Garagiola goes (usually hatless) he not only must endure a legion of witless jokes, he must provide counsel and confidence to the balding young men who seek him out. It sounds like an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting when

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THE GAME *continued*

they gather around him. With humor that is ever on the edge of sorrow they discuss toupes and hats and how to arrange the remaining strands, and complexion of the thoughtless, insensitive millions who are not afflicted by this horrible infirmity. "Don't let anybody tell you what a nice shape head you have," Joe tells a sad young musician who is showing a lot of daylight on top. "That's the most prejudiced, discriminatory thing anyone can say. It's always the guys with a lot of grass who say that."

The musician nods vigorously, jarring loose a few more strategically located strands. He smiles proudly. His leader has spoken. Nobody with grass is ever again to get away with telling him what a nice shape head he has. When Willie Stein, the producer of *Sale of the Century*, ran a Joe Garagiola look-alike contest recently, the significant thing was not the response (many thousands of pictures), but the fact that to an objective eye 99.44% of the entrants look no more like Joe Garagiola than 99.44% of men with blue eyes resemble Paul Newman. "It is perfectly apparent to me," says Stein, "that everybody in the United States without hair thinks he looks like Joe."

Up to age 28, while he still had some hair, Garagiola was a dashing, even handsome, man, and certainly no less engaging. At their introduction Grantland Rice nearly broke into a sonnet. "When you first meet Garagiola," he wrote, "you get the feeling that the human race isn't so bad as it has looked to be. Friendly, likable, full of fire and enthusiasm, your first reaction is that he is quite a guy. His eyes shine and his teeth show white when he gives you a quick smile." And Arthur Daley gushed in the *Times*. "Joe is a big, good-looking kid... with an easy smile, twinkling brown eyes and overwhelming charm."

The young Garagiola never was viewed as a clown. "I was always a pop-off kinda guy," he acknowledges, a top bench jockey, but he commanded respect from his peers. "Joe was the brains, the leader of a gang," his brother Mickey recalls. Though Garagiola remains in awe of Berra the athlete, the youthful Yogi, then known as Lardie (from Lawrence), leaned heavily on the clever kid who lived directly across the street at 5446 Elizabeth Avenue. "I'll come and make the speech if Joey talks," Berra said years later in a comment that il-

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THE GAME —continued

illuminates their relationship to this day.

Berra dropped out of school at 14, but there was nothing unusual about that in the Depression days on The Hill, the Italian section of St. Louis. Mickey Garagola, four years older than Joe, went to work washing dishes at Ruggeri's Restaurant for \$5 a week after he got out of grade school and, now a waiter, he has been there for 37 years.

The Hill was not a ghetto, in the sense in which that term is used today, so much as it was a retreat. If poor, it was a neat, stable community, for anti-Italian prejudice was real enough to keep the residents in their place, literally. Only a year or so before Mickey was born, mobs in a coal town southeast of St. Louis stormed the Italian section, brutally clubbing the residents at random and burning their homes.

Nobody on The Hill was looking for a way out. Mickey recalls that his mother would go downtown only twice a year, once to register as an alien and once to visit the Famous-Barr department store during "Dollar Days" with Mrs. Berra, who "knew how to get around some." Mr. Garagola was hardly more venturesome. A bus driven by an enterprising neighbor carried him to and from work, and every Sunday afternoon he took a city bus to visit the cemetery where his old friends lay.

It was left for the new generation to discover what America was out there on the other side of Kingshighway. "After the war... immigrants were confirmed in their belief that they were not and never could be real Americans," Barbara Greenleaf writes in her book *America Fever*. "[They] accepted the larger society's stereotype of the American as someone with English-speaking parents, probably a British-sounding name and a body ideally fitted out with blonde hair, blue eyes and long limbs. They hoped their children would get to mix with real Americans, but they didn't think they themselves could."

Yogi and Joey were permitted a shot at America (though Mickey Garagola had to forge his father's signature to permit his kid brother to play amateur ball), but not all of that generation were given a chance. Mickey's fiancée, Adele Riba, from down the street, was never permitted to wear short shorts, but Mr. Garagola registered no complaint when Joe brought Miss Audre Ross around in the same sinful attire. "She's

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THE GAME *continued*

American," Mr. Garagiola explained.

Television was not around to tantalize the working class with sagas of the suburbs, and life remained regular and ordered: early Masses, confession at three on Saturday afternoons, a pitcher of beer for father's return from work at 4:30, dinner at five, bed at nine. "Stay up to eleven and you saw the priest," Mickey recalls. It was a community of place and mind, caring for and nurturing its own, and what Garagiola took out of it may have been his edge later in a more rancorous, cluttered world.

Christopher Morley wrote: "To be deeply rooted in a place that has meaning is perhaps the best gift a child can have. If that place has beauty and a feeling of permanence, it may suggest to him unawares that sense of identity with this physical earth, which is the humblest and happiest of life's intuitions."

In many ways, the handscrabble Hill of the Depression may seem to have no relationship to the hard-drug sectors of the '70s, but there are universal fibers woven into these places, past and present. For all the comic-strip ethnic fellowship, The Hill was crowded and oppressed. Every room, Garagiola recalls only half-joking, had a bed or two; what meager amounts of money were left after essentials and the church building fund went into tin cans buried in the backyard. Giovanni Garagiola never took a day off because he was constantly in fear that his brickyard employers would give his job away. And he dared to cry only twice in his life. Once was when his wife was seriously injured in an automobile accident. The second occasion came a couple of years before he died. Joe was emceeing a political rally in St. Louis and, one by one, he asked Harry Truman, John Kennedy, Stuart Symington and the governor of Missouri to stand up beside him. Then he looked out into the audience and addressed his father: "I just want you to see the guys I'm hanging around with." The next day, when he was alone with his son, Mr. Garagiola began to cry at the memory of the scene.

When they held a banquet in St. Louis to honor Garagiola before he left for the network bigtime in New York, Branch Rickey got up and said: "This is our country's party tonight."

If Garagiola would save a line for himself, surely it would be: "Play me or keep me."

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 26-April 9

BOWLING—JIM GOODMAN collected Barry Asher 274-100 to win the \$825,000 Fordson Tournament of Champions at Akron, Ohio 94)

BRAMB—KEN NORTON defeated former world heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali in a 12-round split decision in San Diego (see 28).

SWIMMING—CYNTHIA POTTER won the women's one- and three-meter national AAU indoor championships in Pittsburgh. PHIL BOGGS took the men's three-meter title and TIM MOORE captured the men's one-meter competition. STEVE McARDLAND and DENNIS LIPMAN won the platform duos.

HOCKEY—NHL Philadelphia edged New York to second place in the West, paving the way for a second victory over Atlanta the Flyers' Bobby Clarke scored two goals to become the ninth player in NHL history to reach the 100-point mark. Two days later Flyers' captain Mike Smith scored the first goal against the hapless New York Islanders with a league-high eighth and third period, stretching the New Yorks 10-2. Montreal set an NHL record for fastest goals (40) as the Canadiens beat West Division leader Chicago 5-1. The Canadiens also won the game by Detroit for the fourth straight time in the East, beating 50 Rangers in the season finale 3-1. Boston clinched second place in the East with a 4-1 win over the Bruins. The Bruins had won the last four goals, but in a Stanley Cup preview the Bruins lost to the Canadiens 3-1. St. Louis, the only original expansion team to convert into a playoff, snafu down fourth place in the West by defeating

WHA. Philadelphia also was the big story as the AHL's Stars clinched a playoff spot and Andre Lacroix asserted himself as the league scoring king (124 points). Teammate Danny Lewson got his teeth back from the season in a 5-1 win over Chicago and became the second major league hockey player to score 60 goals in a season (Phil Esposito of the NHL Boston Bruins is the other). Houston won a spot in the playoffs when the Aeros defeated New York 5-1. Alberta and Minnesota (led by Gord Smith) are in the West, and will face

HARNESS RACING—Glen Gurney drove R. R. Fast-bill (52-40) in a 2-4-length victory over Tarpon James in the \$35,250 Florida Breeders Stake.

WHEELS WAGGING—SILVIA (15180) ridden by Laffa Pinsky, took the \$124,400 Santa Anita Derby over odds-on favorite Linda's Chief (page 92)

Bryan Fletcher rode RED RUM to victory in the \$50,000 Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree.

England setting a record time of 501.9

ROYAL AND REGAL (1415/20) captured the \$110,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. ridden by Walter Blum, the winner finished three lengths in front of 2-5 favorite Forever.

MOTOR SPORTS—**DAVID PEARSON** conducted Café Yarbrough to win the \$412,825 Ardenia 500 stock-car race (page 47).

[illegible]

ABA The Indiana Pacers had a Rocky Mountain high in the heart of the Midwest as they thumped Denver in the first two games of the West Division playoffs. Reggie Miller led Indiana to a 114-91 win. The tall star Freddie Lewis was the hero, scoring 30 points for a 106-97 victory. Dennis Scott will be back in the north quarter to score 32 of his 36 points, and George McGinnis added 25. Center Dave Robinson had 16 points and grabbed 12 rebounds for the Rockets but fouled out with 7:23 remaining in the game. Dan Haskins racked up 43 points to lead Kentucky to a 129-101 double-overtime win.

Virginia Tech's Frisvold, back from a short rest because of a thumb injury, was high man for the Senators with 21. Keplavy, just low on power) in the first meeting as the Senators took a 109-96 win at DC, pumping in 41 points. New York and Carolina played a close game, but the Senators won 104-95 at home. New York played well behind Ford, who is suffering from a knee injury. The Congress then hosted 114-111, a key battle being the play of New York Center guard Kevin Johnson, who was held in check by the former Kentucky Center Tim Duncan in foul out with 4:29 left in the overtime. The rest of the league, Memphis and Dallas met one another in a season finale with the Stars winning 128-123, sparked by a 20-point performance by the Stars' forward, Taimi 24-60 for the Stars, see Chaps 28-35.

Travis—TOM CORMAN rallied in defeat Jan. 4, 1965, 3-6, 6-2, 7-3 and collected the \$10,000 first prize at the Rothmans tournament in Vancouver.

REPORTS NAMED By the National Association of College Basketball Coaches, LINDA BARTOW.

NAMED: Boston Color Center **DAVE COMBES**

NAMED JOHN McALEER III, basketball coach at the University of Oklahoma, as coach of the

NAMED DICK VITALE, 32, assistant basketball coach at Rutgers, as head man at Detroit

RESIGNED: Xavier University Basketball Coach, **DOCK CAMPBELL**, 42, after a 3-23 season, with one year remaining on his contract.

DAVID FRANCES CARRION, 53, who won the U.S. Women's Amateur golf championship in 1980, in Tallahassee. His

1913-32, in St. Louis. Two-time American League batting champ with averages of .407 and .420. Sled in 340 during his career with the St. Louis Browns, Washington Senators and Boston Braves.

DIED HONESTOUS, 4-year-old filly owned by Eddie Yonick, in a stable fire with 15 other thoroughbreds, at Hialeah

CREDITS

[illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD

KATHERINE HOLMAN, 9, of Houston, won the 10-and-under Southern A.A.U. trampoline championships in Lafayette, La. Katherine, a third-grader at Meadowood Elementary School, received scores of 9.15 on compulsory and 9.20 on optional routines.

ED SPENCER, a senior at The Gunnery in Washington, Conn., scored 35 goals and 25 assists for 60 points in 18 hockey games this season. Spencer had six hat tricks, including six goals and five assists in one game, setting a Connecticut League record.

AL ST. AMOUR, a senior at Frankfurt (Germany) American High, took his second consecutive wrestling championship in the 145-pound class for U.S. Dependent Schools in the European Area. In two years of competition, Al compiled a 34-0 record.

WILLIAM (Sugar) **CAIN**, winning basketball coach at Baltimore's Dunbar High, was named Coach of the Year for the second straight season by Baltimore newspapers. In 17 years Cain's teams had compiled a 234-50 record and seven conference titles.

DICK SCHMIDTZER, a senior at Western Maryland College, sailed down his fourth straight Mason-Dixon wrestling title, compiling that year in the 100-pound class and paying two opponents in less than two minutes. His dual meet record is 33-1 in four seasons.

JORDAN KLEBER of Detroit holds five Michigan AAU age-group (9-10) records and a national ranking from *Swimming World*. Jordan swam the 50-meter backstroke in 36.28. He also owns the 50-, 100- and 200-meter and 200-yard freestyle marks.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RUNNING RED

Sirs:

Ken Dryden did an excellent job (*The Reds Were Running Red*, March 26) on his diary of the Team Canada-Russia ice hockey games. The article was as humorous and suspenseful as Jim Bouton's *Ball Four*.

The only flaw I found was that Dryden forgot to mention that the Russian coach, Viacheslav Bobrov, said that Bobby Clarke of the Philadelphia Flyers was one of the best ice hockey players he had ever seen. Congratulations are due to Ken Dryden and Mr. Bobrov's good taste.

MICHAEL GIBNEARD

Noelstown, Pa.

Sirs:

I found Ken Dryden's article provocative as well as interesting, but he is underestimating himself. Being a New York Ranger fan, I find it hard to compliment another goalkeeper, but in the Canada-Russia series Dryden showed why he is indeed an NHL All-Star. The way he adapted himself to the Russian style of play was extremely professional.

HYUN G. MORRIS

New York City

SADDERED

Sirs:

In covering the Badgers and their victory in the NCAA hockey championship (*On Wisconsin, or Hallabuloo Goes East*, March 26), Dan Levin did a good job. However, how he can tag Wisconsin as a Cinderella team is beyond reason. Being the first or second team in the nation throughout the year gives little credence to the thought that Wisconsin first started playing hockey as the clock struck tournament time. Wisconsin didn't have All-Americans like Denver but a few stars don't make a team.

NOLAN ZAIRA

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

As a student at Michigan Tech, which is a member school in the Western Collegiate Hockey Association, I would like to call your attention to the fact that Wisconsin did not get to Boston because it won the Big Ten championship. This has nothing to do with getting to the NCAA finals. Wisconsin beat Minnesota and Notre Dame in the quarter- and semi-finals of the WCHA. That is how the Badgers earned the trip East.

MARY SCHINDLER

Lake Linden, Mich.

Sirs:

You really should pay more tribute to Coach Bob Johnson. He's the man who en-

gineered an NCAA championship in spite of a painfully weak set of defenses. He's the man who developed four lines especially for the NCAA tournament, even though it meant some weak performances in January and February. And he's the man who knew that Wisconsin's best chance in the nationals would be to wear down the competition with four lines and constant hustling.

Madison, Wis.

HERB GOULD

FISH STEW

Sirs:

Robert F. Jones' article *Hopkissing with the Soakers of Secora* (March 19) was an interesting, sometimes fascinating story but one that forced me to ask this question: What did the fishermen do with the 12 tons of fish they caught?

Did they eat all of their catch—a mind-boggling thought? Did they mount each fish for display? Did they give the fish to the local populace? Or did they simply throw the carcasses over the side? I am tempted to assume the last answer is the correct one, considering man's historical disregard for the preservation of wildlife. I would like very much to be proved wrong, and hope you will do so.

F.J.T. BAKER

Washington, D.C.

• All the fish were iced down, canned in San Diego and given to charities.—E.D.

MAN TO MAN

Sirs:

It happens every March, but there are still some college basketball coaches who just will not learn an obvious lesson: you don't win the important championships using a zone defense!

A zone may serve a talented team well during the regular season, but when you get down to the quarter- or semi-finals, you meet other teams with relatively equal talent, and this is when the man-to-man teams rise to the top. UCLA, Memphis State, Virginia Tech and Notre Dame all are basically man-to-man clubs. Of sure, they'll use a zone press in the backcourt, or occasionally switch to a zone for a special reason, but it's not their main bag.

So the Houston, Long Beach States, South Carolina, Providences will continue to rank high in the polls and will continue to get knocked off when things get tough.

You can beat the ordinary teams using a zone, but rarely can you beat the good teams, and never the great ones.

ROD BELCHER

Seattle

LAST YEAR AT Gstaad

Sirs:

In reference to an item in the PEOPLE section of your March 12 issue, which said that I pushed my way into a line to get on the funicular railway on the ski slopes of Gstaad, I would like to make a few observations:

1. I haven't been to Gstaad in 13 months.
2. When I was last there I did not push myself into a waiting line.
3. Even if I'd wanted to, the snow was so bad there were no lines to push into.

EDWARD M. KENNEDY
U.S. Senator

Washington, D.C.

• The Gstaad Tourist Office says that the incident reported took place there in February 1972.—E.D.

GOOD SHOT

Sirs:

Secretariat, all the way! That's the way I see it for the Kentucky Derby on May 5, and he has a very good shot at the Triple Crown, as Pat Putnam points out in his interesting story of this odds-on, winter-book favorite (*Oh Lord, He's Perfect*, March 26).

WILLIAM F. D'BRIN

Cincinnati

SQUASHED

Sirs:

It appears to me from your picture of the "accordion" squash court (*Fold It Out and Preto!*, March 26) that Paul Monaghan has found a surefire way to kill squash in this country. The two men in the picture have obliterated two basketball courts and may be keeping 10 to 15 other people from enjoying their favorite sport. Are the dimensions so different that these two couldn't be competing on a handball court?

BRUCE H. COLLIGNON

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

Your article regarding squash courts was quite interesting, however, a slight error needs correction. You mention that North and South Dakota do not have a squash court between them. While I was stationed at Minot Air Force Base in North Dakota I played many a game of squash in the base gym. North Dakota may not have a lot of things—but a squash court it has.

ALAN COOK

Joplin, Mo.

WATSON, THE BAT

Sirs:

Let it also be known that Holmes' (*Admirer of the Aspiring Athlete*, March 19)

continued



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10TH HOLE *continued*

singular first name was chosen by Conan Doyle because, as a boy, he had once scored 30 runs off a cricket bowler named Sherlock. From that time forth he rather liked the name.

WENDY HUNTER

McKinney, Texas

SEA DEVILS

Sirs:

Thank you for the attention you brought to Dr. James Haines and, by extension, to black swimmers (*That Old Sinking Feeling*, Feb. 12). Dr. Haines has certainly been a leader in attempts to open swimming opportunities to black young people. The lack of competition in his conference and his own swimmers' less-than-spectacular times are indicators of just how few the opportunities have been. But Dr. Haines has been breaking barriers, and someday there will be black Olympians.

When that day comes I am hopeful that they may have gotten their start with our group—the Sea Devils. Working with many of the traditional handicaps—no pool of our own to practice in, children in some cases too poor even to pay minimal meet entry fees—we have produced a team that is holding its own in local and regional AAU competition and equalling the times quoted for Dr. Haines' swimmers. Our team is fully integrated and generally well received at meets. Gradually the old myths about blacks not being able to swim are fading, but it will take an outstanding black swimmer, an Olympian perhaps, to erase them completely and provide the model that other black swimmers have never had available to emulate.

SKIP GRANT

Washington, D.C.

LONG SEASON

Sirs:

After reading about Cal Tatum (*FACES IN THE CROWD*, March 26) I concluded there must have been some mistake. "Tatum was the season's top scorer with 1,904 points for a 26.3 average," implies that Southern Colorado State played a minimum of 73 basketball games. I know some schools have ambitious schedules, but this is somewhat hard to believe. Either this is a career total or his season's average is slightly higher. Which is it?

GEORGE B. MILLER

New Britain, Conn.

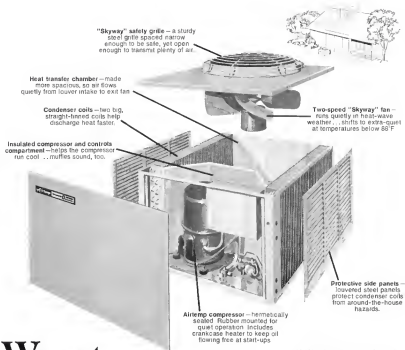
● Tatum's career total is 1,904 points. His average for last season was 26.3.—ED.

BIG VICTORIES

Sirs:

I really enjoyed Herman Weiskopf's article, *When the Eagles Crowded* (March 19). It is hard to believe that a little school like

continued



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19TH HOLE

Claron State College could end up with more national champions than the big universities in the 1973 NCAA wrestling finals
CHARLES ADULTMAN

Carnegie, Pa.

Sir:

Hail to Herman Werskopf for giving recognition to one of the best college wrestlers in the U.S., Claron State's Wade Schalles. When he was a wrestler in high school here in Hollidaysburg, Wade's irrepressible holds earned him scholarship offers from many better-known colleges, but he chose Claron State and is now working his wonders for the Eagles. If Wade keeps up at the pace he is going, he will be a shoo-in for the 1976 Olympics in Montreal.

JOHN HARTSOCK

Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Sirs:

Surely the Iowa State wrestling team deserves more than one-half inch of one column for winning its fourth NCAA title in five years. After all, Chris Taylor, the 1973 heavyweight champion, is no small thing.

TOM FIERKE

BRAD SWIFT

KIRK PATRICK

Minneapolis

Sirs:

May Chris Taylor fall on you for your inadequate coverage of the NCAA wrestling championships.

LARRY G. STEELE

Sports Editor

The Express

Lock Haven, Pa.

CHRIS: DEBUT

Sirs:

Congratulations on the fine article by Joe Jares on Chris Evert and women's tennis (*Now She Plays for Green Slippers*, March 12). But to prevent some readers from getting the impression that future pro tournaments will be a two-fisted breeze for the new prime donna, let's hear no more references to Billie Jean King and Margaret Court as "aging actresses." Neither of these topnotch players is ready to trade her racket for a cane just yet. And "veteran" Virginia Wade's slams and volleys proved capable of being quite potent against Chris the next week in Dallas. Don't be so quick to dismiss the experience of the ladies who have labored the longest while bowing in awe to the new children's crusade.

MICHAEL COULDER

Baltimore

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